THE REASONS OF Mr. Bays Changing his Religion,

Considered in a

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Crites, *Eugenius*, and Mr. *Bays*.

By Dryden

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea *nodo*? Hor.
Ante bibebatur, *nunc quas contingere nolis*
Fundit Anigrus *aquas*. Ovid. Met.

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The Preface.

I *Have Read ſomewhere in* Monſieur Rapins *Reflections* Sur la Poetique, *that a certain* Venetian *Nobleman,* Andrea Naugeri *by Name, was wont every Year to Sacrifice a* Martial *to the Manes of* Catullus: *In imitation of this frolic, a Celebrated Poet, in the Preface before the* Spaniſh Fryer, *is pleaſed to acquaint the World, That he has indignation enough to burn a* Bully Damboys *annually to the memory of* Ben Johnſon: *Since the Modern Ceremony of offering up one Author at the Altar of another, is likely to advance into a faſhion, as having already the authority of two ſuch great men to recommend it, the Courteous Reader may be pleaſed to take notice, that the Author of this following Dialogue is reſolved (God willing) on the Feſtival of the Seven Sleepers, as long as he lives, to Sacrifice the* Hind and Panther *to the Memory of Mr.* Quarles, *and* John Bunyan: *Or if a Writer that has notoriouſly contradicted himſelf, and Eſpouſed the Quarrel of Two different Parties, may be conſider'd under Two Diſtinct Characters, he deſigns to deliver up the Author of the* Hind and Panther, *to be laſh'd ſeverely by, and to beg Pardon of the Worthy Gentleman that writ the* Spaniſh Fryar, *and the* Religio Laici.

It is not to be deny'd, but that a Poet is as unfit to manage the ſerious part of Controverſie, as an Iriſhman *is to write the Miracle Part of Church Hiſtory: For beſides that his Integrity is as much to be ſuſpected as his Judgment, the leaſt thought, or extravagant Fancy, is apt to lead him a Hundred Pages out of his way, and then 'tis Ten to One, he'll lye you a Fortnight in the Advertiſements of a* Gazette, *before he recovers the Road. But then on the other hand, I think* Mr. Bays *ought to be Acquitted for Treating his Subject in Rhyme, (which he very Judiciouſly ſomewhere calls the Vehicle of Nonſenſe) and I am clearly of Opinion, that the chief Points in Agitation between the Church of* Rome *and Us, are ſo eaſie to be decided (if the Pe concerned could but once Diſingage themſelves from Prejudice, Pride and Intereſt) th they ought not to imploy the ſerious part of Mankind, or put* Chriſtendom *to the Expence of Convening a Council, while a Synod of Poets may better Diſcuſs and Determine them at their own Coſt and Charges. Why cannot* Purgatory *be as well traced out of th Famous Verſe in* Virgil,

Infectum eluitur ſcelus, aut exuritur igni,

as out of the Dreams of ſome few Hypocondriac Authors, and a poor ſingle miſapplyed place of Scripture, that for fear of making a Blot, like a Solitary Man at Backgammon, wants the aſſiſtance of another Text to bind him? Or the Pope's *Supremacy be made good from that Paſſage.*

Imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit,

as well as out of Paſce oves meas, *and the Decretal Epiſtles?* Virgil *too may be conſidered as a Perſon that lay under no Temptation at all of Complementing the Chriſtians, being himſelf of another Perſwaſion; and ſo whatever comes from him in favour of the Catholick Tenets, is to be look'd upon with extraordinary regard and veneration*

And perhaps Mr. Bays, *after he has for ſome time Conſulted the Fragments of the* Sibylls, *and begun a little acquaintance with* Rabbi Galatinus, *or any of his Relations, may be able to prove that* Virgil *had his Notion of* Purgatory, *and the* Pope's *Supremacy, from the very ſame* Sybill *that help'd him to the Prophecy of our* Saviours *Incarnation in the fourth* Eclogue. *Certainly that good* Eaſtern Biſhop, *who at the ſecond Council of* Nice *urged that Text in the Firſt of* Geneſis, And God made Man in his own Image, *in defence of Image-worſhip, was a very great Poet, though from ſo long a Devolution of time we have loſt that part of his Character; and might as well, when his hand was in, appear'd to have Man-Midwifery declar'd to be of Divine Right, becauſe* Vulcan *play'd the Midwife, when his Old Father was Delivered of* Minerva. *I am heartily ſorry that this Judicious Prelate had not the good Fortune to live in our Age, where he might have made a more conſiderable Figure, and convers'd with Two able Diſputants, exactly of his own Temper and Conſtitution,* the Oxford Editor, *and the* Worthy Convert at Putney. *I obſerve, that as there are two ſorts of Prologues in the* Rehearſal, *the one Compoſed* in Terrorem, *to frighten the Audience into Civility and good Manners, by Huffing and Railing at them; the other Imbelliſh'd with kind Language, and ſome pretty Surprizing Thought or other, in order to Steal and Inſinuate into their Favour: So likewiſe the Modern* Polemics *have pitch'd upon Two different ways to reduce Us, for either we are accoſted with ſuch kind of Complements as theſe;* Have a Care what you do Gentlemen, you are got within the Territories of Hereſie and Sacriledge, and you had as good Ride your Horſes full Gallop in a Coney-Warren, as continue in a Country where nothing but utter Ruine and Deſolation can attend you: *Or elſe the Scene is alter'd, and ſome humble Accommodator hangs out the White Flag, and propoſes milder Conditions;* Well Countrymen, there have been ill offices done on both ſides; we have been miſrepreſented to you, and you have laboured under as bad a Character amongſt our party; a little Chriſtian compliance will ſet all matters ſtreight again. Your Authors and ours agreed well enough in the main, and therefore let us ſacrifice half a dozen troubleſome ill-natur'd diſtinctions to the Peace of mankind: But firſt we deſire you of all loves to lock up that troubleſome companion call'd Reaſon, for one quarter of a year, and if you could but prevail with your ſelves to diſcard your five Senſes, the buſineſs would be preſently at an end. *Of the two late Converts abovementioned, that have liſted themſelves in the Service of the* Weſtern Patriarch, *one has publiſhed a ſpecious Treatiſe, to prove that the* Papiſts *and* Proteſtants *are agreed in their Notions of a Real Preſence; the other pretends, That the* Catholick Doctors, *and the* Jewiſh Rabbies, *are likewiſe agreed in the buſineſs of Tranſubſtantiation: Indeed, after this rate of arguing they may very eaſily prove their Church to be Univerſal, and if the Gentlemen of that Communion will but get me a Troop of Horſe, or any ſmall place at Court to the tune of a Thouſand Pound a Year, I'll engage to prove that the* Pagans *and they are agreed in moſt of the controverted Points, beſides which thing if rightly conſidered, I am confident will bring above three parts of the Globe into the* Popes *Chamber of Dependencies. I know there are ſome Malicious Perſons in the World, who are apt to conclude, That this calling in the Gentlemen of the Circumciſion to the Aſſiſtance of the Catholick Cauſe, is a very plain Argument that they dare not hazard the fortune of a ſet Battel upon their own Forces: That Prince is in no good circumſtances at home, who is obliged to employ an inveterate Foreigner to ſupport his Dignity; and we have read (ſay they) how the*

Chriſtians

Christians *have taken the condition of the* Holy Land *into their consideration, have unanimously fought, and recovered it out of the hands of* Infidels, *but we never hear to this day that the* Jews *retaliated the kindness, or gave 'em any thanks for their pains. The truth on't is, men that are disposed to talk, will, in spight of all the World, say what they please, tho they are sure to be as troublesome as a* Welshman *when the Spirit of Genealogy possesses him: But I pray why may not a man that has kept* Rabbi Solomon Iarchi, Ben Sira, Ben Manasses, *and the rest of the Tribe, in Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging, at his own proper Expence some Twenty Years, be as well allow'd upon an emergent occasion to draw them out in Battel-array, to confound us* Protestants, *as a Neighbour of ours on the other side the Water to call in the* Grand Seignior *to humble the* Emperour.

But I find this Speculation has occasion'd me to digress farther than I intended: therefore to return to Mr. Bays, *I must make bold to acquaint him, That of all men in the World he ought not to have interested himself in the quarrel, whatever his private sentiments were, since he had so publickly, and so virulently exposed that party before. If he pretends he took his copy from* Arnobius, *who was obliged to write his Learned Treatise* Contra Gentes, *to satisfie the Christians, who somewhat doubted the sincerity of his Conversion, that he had in good earnest quitted* Paganism, *much good may it do him. But I am afraid this instance won't do his business, for, I suppose, had* Arnobius *stood charged with half those scandalous ill things, which Mr.* Bays *is like to answer for, his admission into the Church had not been purchased at the easie terms of libelling his old Friends, and Sacrificing that, which is lighter than the Honesty of a Bawd, the Chastity of a Midwife, the Valour of an Atheist, the Honour of a Pimp, the Integrity of an Usurer,* even a Poets Reputation. *But I find a man may hold all the seven deadly sins in* Commendam *with a Saintship; and that there is a certain Society of men in the World, who to fill up their Numbers against the next Muster, make no scruple at all of entertaining such kind of Proselytes, as* Romulus *picked up when he opened his* Asylum.

Mr. Bays *in his Life of* Plutarch, *occasionally discoursing concerning the Report that* Seneca *Cuckolded his Patron* Claudius, *is very sorry that* Petronius Arbiter *was not the man, because he could better have born it from a man of his Character (for you must know,* Petronius Arbiter *was a Poet, and consequently the fitter Person for such a business) and he can conceive nothing in the World next to an Elephant upon Stilts, so awkard in the pursuit of an Amour as a Philosopher in a Gown. The Truth on't is, Divines and Philosophers never had a good word from Mr.* Bays *since his Mother bound up his Head for him. Here was the finest opportunity imaginable for a Philosopher to have made his Market. The old Gentleman gone abroad to smoke a Pipe among his Tenants, the Lady consenting, the happy hour of Assignation come, the Chamber-maid upon duty at the door, the Sheets perfumed, the Curtains drawn, the trusty Brandy-bottle at the Beds-head: Nothing in the World, one would have thought, could have defeated and spoiled so promising, so hopeful an intrigue. But O the Fates! just in the Critical minute appears Mr.* Bays, *forbids the banes, turns the Philosopher, with his Breeches dangling about his heels, down stairs; and in that surly humour nothing would serve his turn, but a Poet only must Cuckold the Emperour. Now to apply this story to Mr.* Bays; *as he seems concerned for his friend* Petronius, *that he had not the good fortune to be engaged in the affair we were now discoursing of, so I am sorry with all my heart, that since Mr.* Bays's *Stars so order'd the matter, as to condemn him to the*

drudgery of Writing everlastingly, that instead of barren Controversie (which is not a province so capable of being cultivated by a Poet as other provinces are) he had not either set himself upon reforming the Anthems of his own Church, which exceedingly want such a charitable hand as his to Revise 'em; or employ'd his Talent in Spiritual Madrigals to good Saint Wilgefortis, *or* Apollonia, *(who might perhaps have remembred him for it in a fit of the Tooth-ach) or lastly,*

Since he is read in Cares,
And bends beneath the weight of fifty years:

that in his Old Age he had not chosen out for himself some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land: *I make bold here to use his own Expression in* Mac Flecno, *if it is his I say; for Mr.* Shadwell *in the Preface before his Translation of the Tenth Satyr in* Juvenal, *has been lately pleas'd to acquaint the World, that he publickly disown'd the Writing of it, with as solemn imprecations as his friend the* Spanish Fryar *did the Cavalier* Lorenzo.

For to Deal Honestly with Mr. Bays, *however in his other Compositures he has obliged the World with the Delicacy of Language, and the Agreeableness of his Fancy; yet in his last Essay we only find such noble kind of Discourse between the* Hind and Panther, *as passes between the two Judicious Grave-makers in* Hamlet: *In short, we meet nothing but a dull heap of Insipid stuff, so lamentably Ridiculous, that one could not in conscience desire to have an Adversary write worse: so that whatever advantages his Soul has made by the exchange of his Religion (though I wonder in my heart how that queasy stomach of his, which about * four years ago could hardly digest the* Apostles *Creed, should now be able to digest not only that, and* Athanasius's *Creed, but a more unpalatable one of* Pope Pius's *making) his* Muse *I am sure is sensibly the worse. Were I his Confessor, who am only his Adviser, I should prescribe him no other Pennance for every Transgression, than to make me a Copy of such miserable Doggerel* toties quoties, *which I believe would be Mortification enough for him; and the reading of them, I'm sure would be sufficient Pennance to my self. But after all, perhaps* Mr. Bays *writ for the* Irish *Nation, and then he's to be excused, for he that writes to please the relish of that Noble Kingdom, must do the same by his Wit and Language, as* Valerius Poplicola *did with his House, even level it to the ground.*

See the Preface before the *Religio Laici.*

I met the other day a certain passage in Monsieur Montaign's *Essays, which I little imagin'd to have found in an Author of his Gravity; he is pleased to be angry with Carvers and Statuaries, for making the nudities of their Images so large: for (says he) the Ladies who form an Idea of the Abilities of Mankind by such exterior representations, must certainly find themselves extremely disappointed, when they come to consult the Originals. This so strange a passage, as I said before, one wou'd scarce expect to meet in* Montaign; *and indeed, with respect to the memory of so great a man, it is extravagant enough in all conscience. But* Mr. Bays *in his Preface, before the second part of the late * Miscellanies, has as much out-done this, and any thing that was ever said in the World, as a Heroe of his own begetting,* Almanzor *by name, has exceeded all the Bullies before him. On one side of the page, he appears with extraordinary Zeal for the Immortality of the Soul.* What considering Person *(says he)* who observes how Fools and Knaves batten in the World, while men of Merit and Integrity *(meaning himself I suppose)* starve and are despised, can suppose that there are not allowances to be

* Printed by *Tonson.* 1685.

made in another? *That is, because* Mr. Bays *missed of his* Eaton-*preferment, he was humbly content to expect his reward elsewhere; and truly I am so much of his Opinion, as to think he is to expect it in another World: On the other side of the Leaf, as if his* Petronius Arbiter *had got the better, of his* Thomas a Kempis, *he makes you a very formal Apology for Translating a certain luscious part of* Lucretius *(he could not find in his heart, he tells you, to give it a worse name) though some people are apt to believe it ought only to keep company with* Culpeppers *Midwife, or the* English *Translation of* Aloysia Sigea. *If* Mr. Bays *would have been rul'd by me, that very moment when he fell from the highest step of* Jacobs *Ladder, and from a grave contemplation of Eternity could on the sudden condescend and truckle to the Patronage of down-right obscenity; he should not have made so small a leap on't, as to have vaulted over the little* Rubicon *that parts the Reformed Churches, and the Church of* Rome, *(for that had been too inconsiderable a performance for a man of his Agility) but have gone over in good earnest to* Mahomets *Church, who makes that business he so pathetically there describes, one of the chiefest rewards for his Disciples in the next World: And who knows but this may come to pass, things were not brought to an extremity when I left the Story. The worthy Gentlemen that have set him upon the Heroick design of writing the* Hind and Panther *(for I must beg* Mr. Bays*'s pardon if I am so unmannerly as not to believe every thing he says in his Preface) have so far secured him to their Party, that he cannot in honour return to the Protestant Territories; they have cut off all hopes of a retreat from him; the back doors are shut, but the passage before is open enough, and the way to* Mecca *and* Constantinople *as easie to be found as ever; and I dare lay a wager that* Mr. Bays *is too much a Poet, not to pass the same judgment of his newest choice in Religion, as of his newest Plays, that the last is always the best.*

To draw now to an end, Mr. Bays *I hear has lately complained at* Wills' Coffee-house, *of the ill usage he has met in World: that whereas he had the generosity and assurance to set his own name to his late piece of* Polemick *Poetry, yet others who have pretended to answer him, wanted the breeding and civility to do the like. Now because I would not willingly disoblige a person of* Mr. Bays*'s Character, I do here fairly, and before all the World, assure him that my Name is* Dudly Tomkinson, *and that I live within two Miles of* St. Michaels *Mount in* Cornwall, *and have in my time been both* Constable, Church-Warden *and* Overseer *of the Parish, by the same token that the little Gallery next the Belfry, the new Motto about the Pulpit, the Kings Arms, the Ten Commandments, and the great Sundial in the Church-yard, will transmit my name to all Posterity. Furthermore (if it will do him any good at all) I can make a pretty shift to read without Spectacles, wear my own Hair, which is somewhat inclining to Red, have a large Mole on my left Cheek, am mightily troubled with Corns, and what is peculiar to my constitution, after half a dozen Bottles of* Claret, *which I generally carry home every night from the Tavern; I never fail of a stool or two next morning; besides I use to smoak a Pipe every day after Dinner, and afterwards steal a Nap for an hour or two in the old Wicker-chair near the Oven, take gentle Purgatives spring and fall; and it has been my custom any time these sixteen years (as all the Parish can testifie) to ride in* Gambadoes. *Nay, to win the heart of him for ever, I invite him here before the Courteous Reader to a Country Regale (provided he will before hand promise not to Debauch my Wife) where he shall have Sugar to his Roast-beef, and Vinegar to his Butter; and lastly, to make him amends for the tediousness of the Journey, a parcel of Relicks to carry home with him, which I believe can scarce be matched in*

the whole Christian *World*; *but because I have no great fancy that way, I don't care if I part with them to so worthy a Person: they are as followeth.*

St. Gregory's *Ritual, bound up in the same Calves-skin that the Old Gentleman in* St. Luke *Roasted at the return of his Prodigal Son.*

The Quadrant that a Philistain *Taylor took the height of* Goliah *by, when he made him his last Suit of Cloths; for the Giant being a man of extraordinary dimensions, it was impossible to do this affair any other way than your designers use, when they take the height of a Country steeple.*

The Joynt-stool that St. Christophers *Borber stood upon when he shaved him. Now to satisfie Mr.* Bays *of the necessity the Barber had to make use of a Joynt-stool in this affair, and that it was no foolish, malepert or arrogant humour in the Barber so to do, he is to understand that St.* Christopner, *if he were alive, could have drunk the Monument full of Mum for his mornings draught, with as much ease as the* Presbyterian *Divines swallow'd the Covenant; and if he won't believe me on my word, let him e'ne ride his Horse to* Paris, *and if St.* Kits *Statue in the* Nostre Dame *do not convince him of his error, I will give him free leave to swear before any of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that I am the Seditious Author of the* Letter to the Dissenter.

A Knife of great Antiquity, the Handle of it is made with the same Ivory that Jupiter *supplyed* Pelops's *Shoulder with; the Blade originally St.* Peters *Sword, fought by Pope* Hildebrand, *and* Julius *the Second, into a Dagger, and since converted into the use aforemention'd. If Mr.* Bays *should quarrel with the Handle, by reason of its* Pagan *extraction, he is to be informed that a certain Author, who has lately obliged the World with a learned discourse concerning the Catacombs at* Rome, *has demonstrated that worse Reliques, in all probability, are adored and worshipped every day in his* Mother Church.

And now I find I have transgressed somewhat too much upon the Readers Patience in so tedious a Preamble, but I have this comfort to carry along with me, that I deal with an Adversary, who cannot in Justice reproach me for making a long Preface.

St.

St. *James's* PARK.

Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. *Bays.*

Crites. MR. *Bays,* Mr. *Bays,* prithee why in ſuch haſte man. Have you forgot your old acquaintance, that you paſs by 'em thus without taking the leaſt notice of them.

Bays. Your pardon Gentlemen, I proteſt I did not ſee you: it is at leaſt ſome twenty years ago (as I remember) ſince we had our laſt long Diſcourſe concerning Dramatick Poetry upon the *Thames*——But Gentlemen, I am at preſent engaged elſewhere. You ſee my *Roſary* and *Beads,* and may gueſs for what place I am bound.

Eugen. Prithee, dear *Bays,* adjourn this fit of Devotion to ſome more convenient time and let us take one Edifying Glaſs at the *Rheniſh-houſe,* yonder by *Charing-Croſs.*

Bays: As for the Tavern, I deſire to be excuſed, I ſeldom appear at ſuch unſanctify'd places; you might as ſoon Cajole the Plain-dealer into *Weſtminſter-hall,* a Fanatick into a Play-houſe, or an Uſurer into a Suretiſhip, as perſwade me into a Tavern. Alas! I am not the man you took me for; upon my Sincerity Mr. *Eugenius,* I have not taſted a drop of *Claret* theſe two years, but what I have met among Innocent *Strawberries,* or in a Sawce or ſo.

Crites. This renouncing of your Wine, Friend *Bays,* is a greater wonder to me, than the renouncing of your Religion; and I can ſcarce fancy thee to be the ſame perſon thou waſt formerly.

Bays. Why truly Gentlemen, I dare not ſay of my ſelf, that I am the ſame individual man I was ſome years ago; for let me tell you, Matter is in a perpetual Flux, and the whole maſs both of Accidents and Subſtance are thruſt away by the continual ſucceſſion of new ones. Now, as I have not one drop of the ſame Blood, nor one Particle of the ſame Clay about me which I had then, ſo I thank my Stars, I have not the leaſt Tincture of that Religion left behind, which engaged my former ſtate of Ignorance; that ſtate I mean, which I may more properly call the * Parentheſis of my Life, than that wherein I was not acquainted with the Noble Lord to whom I dedicated my *Limberham.*

* Ded. Epiſt. before *Limberham.*

Crites. Faith, little *Bays,* I am ſo much of thy opinion, as to believe that after ſo many changes, thou haſt as well ſhifted the Chriſtian as the Man; and I am perſwaded, we ſhall have more Religions contend for thee, after thou art dead and rotten, than Cities ſtrove for the birth of a certain perſon of your own profeſſion;

ſeſſion ; from whoſe *Achilles*, you'd needs perſwade the World that you copy'd the fierce *Almanzor*. I am told, your friends of *Dukes Place*, expect the next change you make ſhould be to their Party, which I ſuppoſe may be the more eaſily effected, unleſs you are bribed beforehand by a Chiaux with the government of a *Turkiſh* Hoſpital, becauſe two of their beſt Kings, and moſt of their Prophets were poetically given; and I ſee no reaſon, Mr. *Bays*, after you have traded ſomewhat longer in Parable, and Allegory, but that you may ſtep in among their Minor Prophets.

Bays. O Sir your Servant; but I'll allow men of your Perſwaſion to be Scurilous, 'tis the diſtinguiſhing Character of your Church; and I expect e're long, your *Bear-Garden* and *Bartholomew-Fair* Men, will arrive to ſuch a pitch of Brutality and Irreligion, as to diſmiſs their Aſſemblies with an *Ite Miſſa eſt*.

Eugen. But why all this ado about Religion, Mr. *Bays*? Why cannot we quit this Subject, to make way for more diverting Converſation? Come Sir, I'll ſhow you ſome words which were made by a friend of mine, upon that diſmal noiſe and hurry we have lately had among the Traders in Controverſie, if you'll vouchſafe them the hearing.

Bays. With all my heart Sir, provided there are no touches upon the Government, no ſubtle Inſinuations, no——

Eugen. Not ſo much as one ſingle Reflection, Mr. *Bays*.

Let the Motly dull Herd for Religion engage,
Let them urge the Diſpute with Clamour and Rage;
Let their Authors keep on the vain method of Writing,
And ſet (if they can) both Parties a fighting:
We ne're make replys, but are fully contented,
Tho good-Fellows and Drink have been miſrepreſented.
Let their muſty grave Volumes to Thames-ſtreet *adjourn,*
Or rot in Duck-lane, *or in* Coffee-houſe *burn:*
Let the Monarch of France *keep his Subjects at home,*
And forbid the Mad Zealots abroad for to roam,
So he lets his boon Claret *but croſs the kind Main,*
We ſhall never be angry, we ſhall never complain

What do you ſay to theſe lines now Mr. *Bays*?

Bays. The laſt turn there upon the *French* Proteſtants, is well enough rally'd, but the reſt is exceeding profane: And pray good *Mr. Eugenius*, will you adviſe your friend from me, to employ his Talent to a better uſe, and ſquander no more of it in Sonnet. You cannot imagine what a Mortification it is for a noble Author, who has, at the great expence of his fancy, writ ſomething which is vigorous and fine, to have his Song tagg'd with half a dozen gouty Stanza's, by a *Grub-ſtreet*-hand, then advanced into a Ballad; and laſt of all, plaiſter'd up in a Country Ale-houſe, to confront the five Senſes, and the four Seaſons of the year.

Eugen. Indeed Mr. *Bays*, this is very hard uſage as I take it.

Bays. You may believe me Sir, 'tis one of the greateſt afflictions in the World, for I have had moſt of my beſt words ſo ſerved: and therefore if your friend finds him inclined to write, there are ſeveral places in *Caſmire*, *Urban*, and *Scribonius*, that deſerve his conſideration. Oh! there's an Epigram in *Scribonius* which I could repeat forty times a day, and never be weary on't; the ſubject ſo divine,

Læ matris miſcere volo cum Sanguine Nati,
Non poſſum antidoto nobiliori frui.

I'll give you a Copy of it Mr. *Eugenius*, if you'll promiſe me to uſe your intereſt among any of your acquaintance to get it Tranſlated.

Eugen. I'll ſee Mr. *Bays* what may be done, though I fear I ſhall not ſucceed. But prithee, once more, Dear Rogue let me ask thee what news about the Town? What Plays? What Lampoons? What Opera's? What Sonnets?

Bays. Troth Sir I can't tell, for of late I have not herded with thoſe Graceleſs Rake-hells the Poets of the Town; and as for the Gazette, I conſult it as ſeldom as a *Quaker* does the *Concordance*, or a Phyſician the Bible.—But becauſe I ſee by my *Watch* I have half an hour good, if you pleaſe, Gentlemen, to take a turn or two in theſe Walks, I will for our old acquaintance ſake, impart a ſecret to you, which give me leave to tell you, is the moſt aſtoniſhing, the moſt ſurprizing, the moſt uncommon; and if you make a right uſe of it, the moſt uſeful ſecret in the Univerſe.

Crites. Dear *Bays*, thou art always ſo obliging.

Bays. Hold —Are the Walks clear? So——Why then, Gentlemen, to my certain knowledge, the Conflagration is at hand: and 'tis as impoſſible for the World to continue above ten years, as 'tis for a Town-Debauchee to live as long as one of the Patriarchs before the Flood.

Crites. Faith Mr. *Bays*, this, as you ſay, is the moſt ſurprizing ſecret imaginable. And now to return you one ſecret for another, I believe if this ſecret were communicated to the World, it would ruine the Enſuring Office, to all intents and purpoſes: For who the Devil wou'd give Money to have his Houſes Enſured, and the Univerſal Bonefire ſo nigh? But prithee, little *Bays*, tell me how you came by this Secret?

Bays. After the moſt ſtrange, unconceiveable manner in the whole World. The Story is ſomewhat of the longeſt, and therefore, Gentlemen, if you have any occaſions to call you aſide at preſent, I'd defer it till ſome agreeable opportunity.

Crites. Oh by no means, Sir; we have no buſineſs at this time to divert us, o if we had Mr. *Bays*, we would freely ſacrifice it, tho it were a Female aſſignation, to have the honour of your company.

Bays. Sir, you perfectly overwhelm your humble Servant with kindneſſes. But to proceed to the Relation——You are to underſtand that in the year 1685 ſome three weeks before my Converſion——

Crites. Hold Mr. *Bays*, were you no Chriſtian at all before that time? What had been come of your immaterial part, if you had dropt off before this late Converſion?

Bays. Loſt aſſuredly, and in as wretched a condition as the poor Gentleman that wou'd have begg'd a little Small-beer of *Abraham.*

Crites. Why then, I find Mr. *Bays*, you have more Charity for the Heathens than moſt of your fellow Chriſtians; for in a certain piece of yours, which ſhall be nameleſs, but may eaſily be known by a remarkable paſſage in the Preface, that ſays, you believe a *Popiſh* Plot: in this piece of yours, I ſay, you make no queſtion at all of a Heathens Salvation, provided he live but up to the Principles of Nature.

Bays. So I say still; but where did you ever find a *Protestant*, or a *Mahometan*, live up to the sober Principles of Nature?

The Jolly Luther, *reading him, began*
To Interpret Scripture by the Alcoran.

But all this while we are beside our Story—and therefore, to begin it again, you must know that at the time above-mention'd, it was my fortune to go down the River as far as *Greenwich*, with some honest *Irish* Gentlemen of my acquaintance.

Crites. Under favour Mr. *Bays*, how durst you hazard your self among any of that Nation, since you had put so gross an affront upon them, in a certain *Oxford* Prologue?

First part of the Miscell. *Rogues, that like* Cain, *are branded with Disgrace,*
And wear the Country stamp'd upon their Face.

Truly Sir, if I had said half so much of the *Dear Joys* as this amounts to, I should have been as loath to have trusted my self in *Irish* Company, as I should be now to trust my only Bottle of *Usquebagh* with an *Irish* Servant.

Bays. Trust my self, quoth a! I perceive Mr. *Eugenius*, your friend *Crites*, is very ignorant in these affairs. Why, Lord Sir! No man that is acquainted with me, thinks the better of himself for my commending him, nor ought, I'm sure, to think himself a farthing the worse for my Lampooning him. Did you think I could have flatter'd so many quibbling, overgrown Lords, as I have done in my time, or have Libell'd so many honourable Persons of both Sexes, from whom I never received the least disobligemeunt: And mean all really? No, no——When I commend any body, it is either a little foolish Interest, or the gayety of my humour, that inclines me to it: And when I touch upon the Coast of Satyr, 'tis not, I vow to Gad, out of any Malice (for a true Poet, like a true Jilt, is neither acted by real love, nor real anger) but only, as they say, Dr. *Busby* sometimes whips his Boys at *Westminster*, for my Health Mr. *Crites*, and the purging of Choler.

Crites. I find then Mr. *Bays*, the passing of an illnatured Jest upon a Man, is much like passing away a bad Half-Crown at a Tavern; you don't do it out of any particular spleen to the House, but only to shut your hands of a cumbersome Piece. But, Pray did you mean really when you made that noble Panegyrick to *Oliver Cromwel*.

Bays. Not I, I protest to you Sir, 'twas my own advantage I consider'd, and not any kindness to the Person which inflamed me; for you must note, 'tis much the same with us *Poets*, as 'tis with the *Jews*, no sooner can a Heroe start up in any part of the World (let his quarrel be right or wrong) but both of us are apt to think him the Messias, and presently pitch upon him as the fittest person to deliver the Twelve Tribes, and the Nine Muses out of Captivity.

Crites. Then let me tell you, the Usurper was the less beholding to you: but methinks whatever your sentiments were of the Man, you had a great kindness for your Subject: You spoke as many lofty things concerning it as any occasion you ever handled in your life.

Bays. That may be. But always observe this as an infallible rule, from your friend *Bays*! If you write Panegyrick, tho you have done your utmost, and said ten times more than the person deserves, be sure to tell him that you have

not

not paſſed through half the inventory of his Vertues, and wanted a Genius to manage ſo extraordinary an affair to any advantage. But if you Lampoon any party, forget not to make them ſenſible of the civil uſage they have received from your hands; as your City Tradeſmen, when they have exacted double the price of any commodity, ſtick not to tell you they have uſed you kindly: And tho your ſtock is all exhauſted, and you could not ſay one malicious word to ſave your life, yet pretend that you could go ten mile further, if you pleas'd to continue in that ſurly humour.

Eugen. I perceive Mr. *Bays*, you have often made uſe of this expedient.

Bays. Very often Sir, but to avoid prolixity I'll only produce you two inſtances of it at preſent,

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this paper, but I who know beſt how far I could have gone on this Subject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared. — *Religio Laici* the Pref.

They who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine that I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own coſt, that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently. — Pref. to *Abſol.*

And I find this conduct is extreamly ſerviceable to a man when all his quiver is ſpent; for the party concerned muſt needs find themſelves indebted to the perſon, who ſo generouſly ſpares them, when they lye all at his mercy: And as for the unconcerned part of Mankind, at the ſame time they applaud your generoſity, for giving off when you might have utterly confounded your Enemies with the other blow; ſo they muſt certainly admire the inexhauſtible ſtore of your wit, that can advance forward, and ſtill urge ſomething that is new.

Eugen. But pray, Mr. *Bays*, ſuppoſe the World ſhould not believe a man that tells ſuch and ſuch things of himſelf, where lies the Jeſt then?

Bays. Why then, I tell you Sir, that the World would be very uncivil Igad and all that: if the World ſhould offer to queſtion the Sincerity of an Author who makes ſo open and ſo free a diſcovery of his own abilities. For between our ſelves, Gentlemen, I think an Authors bare word in his Preface, as Sacred as a Peers atteſtation upon his honour, and ought no more to be diſputed than the Traditions of the Church, or the Priviledges of the Parliament.

Eugen. And to my certain knowledge Mr. *Bays*, both thoſe things are more ſubject to be diſputed and examined, than any two things in the Univerſe.

Bays, Ay, and ſo have Prefaces too been examined by your peeviſh, ill-humour'd, Tobacco-taking Criticks, whoſe cenſures I mind no more I'gad, than a Bully of the Town minds the ſwearing forfeits in a Fanatick Ordinary: But this ſignifies nothing as long as the greater part of Mankind make no enquiry into the matter, but ſwallow it by Whole-ſale: And ſurely Sir, you may rely upon my opinion in this affair: I that have Blaſphem'd the Gods, Huſſ'd Kings, libell'd Princes, laughed at all Religions, ſcandalized City and Court: and in my anger ſpared no Sex, no Country, no Age, nor Order, nor Degree; but I'gad thrown my Bombs promiſcuouſly at all.

Crites. How eſcaped you of hanging Mr. *Bays*, you that have been ſo univerſal an Aggreſſor? Methinks the leaſt that could be done to you, had been to have ſent you a grazing to *Malmsbury* Common, among ſome of Mr. *Hobbes*'s well-bred Citizens.

Bays. A little private diſcipline I have met with I muſt confeſs; an Almanac or ſo beaten into my bones, but that's nothing at all to a man of a true paſſive conſtitution. But, as I told you before, no man of tollerable ſenſe thinks either the worſe of me or of himſelf, for having his name expoſed in any of my Satyrs; and that's the reaſon why ſo few people give themſelves the unneceſſary trouble to batter my Tabernacle. I bleſs my Genius for it, Mr. *Crites*, I have not that reſpect for any perſon breathing, as to loſe a good thought for his ſake; and I have almoſt as ſtrong inclination to ſuffer Martyrdom for my Wit as for my Religion: 'Tis the love to the jeſt, not any private picque to the man, that ſets me upon ſuch hazardous undertakings, as Prentices on *Shrove-Tueſday*, uſe to demoliſh Bawdy-houſes tho they have not the leaſt diſreſpect to thoſe noble places of pleaſure and convenience. I have inſiſted upon this point the more largely, becauſe I would once for all, undeceive the world as to this particular; and let them know, that a man may poſſibly laſh three parts of the Creation with his Pen, who at the ſame time has not the leaſt grudge, or quarrel to any individual perſon thereof.——And now worthy Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to afford me the hearing, I will recount my triumphs to you, which are as large as the Univerſe, and as extenſive as Mankind. I ſurvey my Victories with a Savage joy, and in the greatneſs of my imagination, deſpiſe all theſe *Cæſars* and *Alexanders*.

Eugen. What Enthuſiaſtical hint has ſeized thee now little *Bays*, I profeſs I underſtand thee no more than a Fifth-Monarchy Comment upon the *Revelations*.

Bays. Underſtand me! no: How the Devil ſhould you underſtand me! Now I ſpeak in my Son *Almanzors* bluſtering vein. But Gentlemen to deliver my ſelf in a ſtyle which is a little more familiar to your apprehenſions, I deſign to run through the circle of my Conqueſts, and name you the Nations I have triumph'd over, and all the degrees of Mankind I have aſſaulted.

Crites. With what I prithee Mr. *Bays*?

Bays. With my Wit man: It could never enter into the Sphere of your imagination ſure, to ſuppoſe a Poet could conquer whole Kingdoms with his Sword.

Crites. No I can aſſure you Mr. *Bays*, for I ever thought a Poet as unfit and unlikely a man to ſubdue Kingdoms with his Sword, as Convert Kingdoms with his Arguments. But let me requeſt you then to begin with your Nations, for I long as much to be made acquainted with your Victories, as a fumbling Alderman does to hear the happy news that he has got an Heir apparent to his Laceband and Satten-doublet.

Eugen. Tho you cannot ſay Mr. *Bays*, with the Heroe in *Shakeſpear*, that the World's your Oyſter, and you have opened it with your Sword; yet you may ſafely ſay the World's your Sheet of Paper, and you have blotted it with your Ink.

Bays. You are much in the right on't Sir. Now the firſt Country I pitch upon ſhall be *Holland*, and I think in one Diſtich I have done the States more injury, than the *French* King them did in 71 with all his Bombs and Granadoes; but pray mind them Gentlemen.

Prol. to the *Spaniſh* Pryer.

They Cheat, but ſtill from Cheating Sires they come,
They drink, but they were Chriſtened firſt in Mum.

Here I'm ſure the whole Common-wealth is concerned one way or another; their

Merchants, Burgomasters, and in effect, all the trading part of the Republick arraign'd for cheating: their Seamen professors of all Sciences, and their Divines are likewise reflected upon for Drinking. Don't you think now friend *Crites*, but that half the *Min-heers* will be ready to hang themselves when they read this passage?

Crites. No indeed Mr. *Bays*, if it be true what you have remark'd before, that no man of tolerable sense would show himself concern'd at any of your Libels.

Bays. That's true; no man of sense I grant, would hang himself for the matter, but surely you'll allow me that a man of little or no sense may do such a thing; and if so, what person fitter than a *Dutchman*. I'll tell you Gentlemen, a *Dutchmans* Soul circulates no more than the Butter-milk he has in his Veins, but Stagnates like nasty Water in a Kennel: He's made of Mud, and not of Clay; and consequently in my poor Opinion, has no title to any of those promises that were made to the Sons of *Adam*.

Crites. Pray Mr. *Bays*, why so severe upon this industrious Nation? Methinks at this time of day they deserve some little favour at your hands, if were only for their indulgence to all perswasions, and leaving every man to the free disposal, and soveraignty over his own Conscience.

Bays. That circumstance as you observe Mr. *Crites*, does somewhat attone for their other sins; but for all that, I cannot heartily forgive them, for like a Phlegmatick, Sun-begotten Tribe as they are, they have not had the grace to produce one Poet, either since their first Rebellion, when they excluded the Sea from his Hereditary Provinces; or since their latter defection, when they pass'd the same Bill of Exclusion upon the *Spaniards*. So much for the Butter-boxes—and now have at the Messieurs, and of them I have said so many tart bitter things, that I gad, I cannot tell which to chuse at present.

Eugen. And to the best of my remembrance Mr. *Bays*, you have spoke abundance of fine complaisant things in praise of those Airy Gentlemen. You have commended their Language, the freedom of their Conversation, the gallantry of their Amours, their Civility, their Wit——

Bays. Oh Sir, there was a great deal of reason for it; for much about that time, Mr. *Eugenius*, a certain *Staffordshire* Gentleman was pleased to Dedicate to me a very Ingenious * Book, I vow to Gad, in which Dedication, after several other Complements, he tells me that Monsieur *Rapin*, one of the greatest Criticks of this Age, had studied *English* on purpose to learn my Poems: Now this I thought was such a particular condescension, such an extraordinary sign of respect shown to me and my works, that I found my self obliged in Conscience to speak all the tender pretty things I cou'd in behalf of of the *French* Nation. But when, after a long run, I was given to understand that it was only a complement of my Friend, and that Monsieur *Rapin* was not furnished with *English* enough to qualifie him for a City Intelligencers Secretary, or an Accomptant to a Mackarel-boat, I presently reassum'd my old temper, and gave the Messieurs no quarter at all, as may appear by a thousand passages since, too numerous to be cited at present: Nay to pursue my malice to the utmost extremity, I prevailed with my acquaintance at this end of the Town to wear Shoulder-knots no longer, to discard the

* Mr. *Blunts Religio Laici.*

the janty Cravat-ſtring, and the ceremonious Muff, and what was the hardeſt caſe of all, I abſolutely refus'd to naturalize one word that was of *French* extraction for the ſpace of two years. The next that comes upon the Stage is the melancholly *Spaniard*, with a ſtride and a ſtand, like a Peacock in a backſide and the truth on't is, tho I ought to have ſhown him ſome civility for that divine, that immortal invention of making Snuff, yet when my hand is in, I neither ſpare friend nor foe; and I have not only maul'd the poor *Don* with the Quarter-ſtaff of Proſe, but alſo with the Back-Sword of Verſe.

Prol. to the *Spaniſh Fryer.*

Their Patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *firſt taught* Philip *how to ſleep.*

Pray Gentlemen mind that dead-doing Epithet Patrimonial, by which I inform the World that the *Caſtlians* have their lazineſs bequeath'd to 'em by their Parents, as well as the Majaſtick Cloak, the ſtarch'd Golilia, the diminutive Breeches, and the truſty Dagger; and ſo with one circumbendibus (to uſe my own Fryer *Dominicks* expreſſion) I laſh the precedent Ages, at the ſame time that I chaſtiſe the preſent Generation. Nor have the *Ultra Mottani*, the *Italians* met with better entertainment, but are attack'd and ridicul'd in their own dear-beloved diverſions of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouchi.*

The Italian *Merry Andrews took their place,*
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd grimace;

First part of the Miſcel.

Inſtead of Wit and Language, your delight
Was there to ſee two Hobby-horſes fight.

But becauſe I hate the dull, inſipid, phlegmatick way of conquering Kingdoms ſingly, I here ſtorm all the Univerſe at one inſtant.

Ind. Emp.

Where Baniſh'd Vertue wilt thou ſhow thy Face,
If Treachery infects the Indian *Race.*

In the firſt Verſe here I ſuppoſe Virtue gone from the old World, which I proteſt is exceeding tart and Satyrical; and in the next I cunningly inſinuate that her Ladyſhip is not to be found in *Mexico*, *Peru*, or any of the Tobacco plantations; and conſequently that ſhe is not to be met with any where upon the face of the Earth. And now, becauſe it would be a very unkind, not to ſay an uncivil part, in Madam *Conſcience* to loyter, and ſquander away her time here amongſt Mortals, when her Couſin-german *Virtue* was gone to better quarters in another World, I get a *Habeas Corpus* for her alſo, but at the ſame time was ſo civil to the modeſt Virgin, as to allow her the liberty of leaving a Reverend old Gentlewoman, *Intereſt* by name, to do her drudgery, and ſupply her place in her abſence, which I gad I think ſhe does every whit as well, if not better. And this paſſage I have excellently well touch'd in a late Poem of mine, which we may take occaſion to diſcourſe of more largely by and by.

Hind and Panther, p. 119.

Immortal Powers the term of Conſcience know
But Int'reſt is her name with men below.

As for the *Swedes*, the *Danes*, the *Swiſſes*, the *Laplanders*, &c. I let them alone, becauſe they are a poor ſcandalous ſort of People, do you obſerve, Mr. *Crites*, and not able to defray the expences of a Conqueror; but then as for *Scotland*—

Crites. Why I thought Mr. *Bays*, that *Scotland* was no more able to defray the expences of a Conqueror than *Lapland.*

Bays. No more it is not, but in that time my Paſſion prevail'd over my intereſt and pray Sir take notice how I have laſhed that Nation. *Clean*

Clean Linnen there would be a dang'rous thing,
The Scot *that wore it would be choſen King.*

And now, becauſe I am never to be reconciled to the *Scots*, for more than one or two reaſons, you ſhall have me e're long ſet out an Hiſtory of their Reformation, where I deſign to acquaint the world, that the true reaſon of their demoliſhing Religious Houſes, and decrying the Surplice ever ſince, was not for any Superſtition, as they pretend, but only becauſe they could not furniſh half their Clergy with clean Linnen.

Crites. Pray Mr. *Bays*, is it not high time now to think of ſteering our courſe homewards? Methinks we have made a pretty handſome ramble on't this Morning.

Bays. Sir, I thank you for your ſeaſonable advice, and deſign to follow it, though it was once in my thoughts (being ſo nigh the place) to have ſtept out of *Scotland*, aed made a little tour in the Duke of *Saxonys* Country, to ſee the ravage which the Baptiſt Boar has made in the *German* Forreſts, afterwards to have unearth'd a *Socinian* Fox, with ſome of the Duke of *Newburgh*'s Catholick Terriers in the Plains of *Poland*; and laſtly, to have fetch'd a compaſs round the Country as far as *Geneva*, to beg a *Presbyterian* Whelp of *Calvins* laſt litter, in order to train him up at *Long-Acre*, to fetch and carry Addreſſes, and to bark at Ceremonies, and the Epiſcopal Church —— But upon ſecond conſiderations, I think it better to make all the ſail we can for little *England*; and ſo Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome, as I may ſay, to your Native Country again.

Crites. Troth Sir, I muſt needs own my ſelf a little weary, after ſo tedious a walk, but if you pleaſe Mr. *Bays*, pray let us know what you have to ſay to old *Albion*.

Bays. With all my heart *Mr. Crites*. Now there being but three remarkable places in the whole Iſland, that is the two Univerſities, and the great Metropolitan City; I ſhall conſequently confine my diſcourſe only to them: But firſt of all, I muſt tell you, that I am altogether of my Lord *Plauſibles* Opinion in the Plain-dealer; if I chance to commend any place or order of men, out of pure friendſhip, I chooſe to do it before their Faces; and if I have occaſion to ſpeak ill of any perſon or place, out of a principle of reſpect and good manners, I do it behind their backs. You cannot imagine *Mr. Crites*, when I viſit either of the two Univerſities in my own perſon, or by my Commiſſioners of the Play-houſe, how much I am taken with a College-life. Oh there's nothing like a Cheeſe cut out into Farthings, and my Lord Mayor amidſt all his brutal City-luxury does not dine half ſo well as a Student upon a ſingle Chop of Rotten-roaſted Mutton; nay, I can ſcarce prevail with my ſelf for a month or two after to eat my meat on a Plate, ſo great a reſpect have I for a Univerſity-Trencher; and then their Converſation is ſo learned, and withal ſo innocent, that I could ſit a whole day together at a Coffee-houſe to hear them diſpute about *Actus perſpicui*, and *Forma Miſti*. From this beginning I naturally fall a railing at *London*, with as much zeal as a *Buckingham-ſhire* Grazier who had his Pockets pick'd at a *Smithfield* ent ertainment, or a Country Lady whoſe obſequious Knight has ſpent his eſtate among Miſſes, Vintners, and Linnen-drapers; and then I tell my Audience, that a man may walk farther in the City to meet a true Judge of Poetry, than ride his Horſe on *Salisbury* Plain to find a Houſe.

Firſt part of the Miſcel. p. 274.
London *likes groſsly, but this nicer Pit*
Examines, Fathoms, all the depths of Wit.

You ſee here Mr. *Crites*, that Scholars won't take Alderman *Duncombs* Leaden-half-pence for *Iriſh* Half-crowns, while a dull *Londoner* ſwallows every thing; and takes it with as little conſideration, as a true Romaniſt takes a Spiritual doſe of Beliefs that are ſeal'd up with the Council of *Trents* Coat of Arms.

Eugen. How was that Mr. *Bays*, about the Council of *Trent*? Pray let us hear it again.

Bays. Gad forgive me for't — it dropt from me e're I was aware, but I ſhall in time wear off this hitching in my gate, and walk in Catholick Trammels as well as the beſt of them; Nature I muſt confeſs, is not overcome on the ſudden— But let me ſee Gentlemen, whether I have any more lines to our laſt purpoſe; Oh here they are!

P. 264. — *Poetry, which is in* Oxford *made*
An Art, in London *only is a Trade.*
Our Poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a Plaudit there.

You are ſenſible without queſtion, how little beholding the City is to me, when I am upon my progreſs elſewhere. But 'tis a comfort that this peremptory humour does not continue long upon me. For as I have the grace to diſown my Mother-Univerſity, with a Jug in one hand, and a Link in the other, when I at *Oxford*.

Firſt part of the Miſcel.
Thebes, *did his green unknowing years engage,*
He chooſes Athens *in his riper age.*

So when I am got amongſt my honeſt acquaintance here in *Covent-Garden*, I diſown both the Siſters, and make my ſelf as merry as a Grig with their greaſy Trenchers, ruſty Salt-ſellers, and no Napkins, with their everlaſting Drinking, and no intervals of Fornication to relieve it. In fine, I make a great ſcruple of it, whether it be poſſible for a man to write ſound Heroicks, and make an accompliſh'd thorough pac'd Wit, unleſs he comes to refine and cultivate himſelf at *London*; unleſs he knows how many Stories high the Houſes are in *Cheap-ſide* and *Fleet-ſtreet*, is acquainted with all the gaming Ordinaries about Town, and the rates of Porters and Hackney-Coachmen; has ſhot the Bridge, ſeen the Tombs at *Weſtminſter*, heard the Wooden-head ſpeak, can tell you where the Enſuring Office is kept, and which of the Twelve Companies has the honour of precedence:

Thus I have been as good as promiſe, in naming the Cities and Countries to you, which I have had occaſion in my time to viſit. Now for the ſeveral orders and ranks of men, that have felt the indignation of my Satyr.

The firſt that I begin with ſhall be that *etoardy bete*, that humble admirer of Jeſt an Quibble, the Melancholy Clergyman: Come out therefore Mr. *Levite*, by what Names or Titles ſoever dignified and diſtinguiſhed. Prethee obſerve Mr. *Crites*, how dejected the poor Paſſive Rogue looks! How *Mal a droitly* he makes his entrance, like Mrs. *Days* Heir apparent in the Committee: And by my Faith he has a great deal of reaſon for't——For firſt and foremoſt, in my Poſtſcript to the Siege of *Granada*, I have imputed the Corruption of our Language and Eloquence, to their dull way of haranguing in the Pulpit. A heavy charge this ſame I proteſt to you, and how they'll anſwer it this Term at the *Kingsbench* I can't

tell:

tell; but I am ſure of this, if it had not been for ſome of the *beaux eſprits* of this end of the Town, and for my ſelf in particular, who chearfully aſſiſted in ſo charitable a work, and left no ſtone unturn'd to enrich and refine our Native Tongue, we had e're this, been reduc'd to as miſerable a ſtate of Barbarity as our Forefathers were in the time of the *Saxons* Heptarchy.——In the next place, I have chaſtiz'd the Clergy with a vengeance, for * engroſſing Lay ſins, as they have done Lay-prefermenrs to themſelves, and ſcarce leaving the poor Laity that uncomfortable ſubſiſtence of a Tenth part; for put- ting the Paniers of their Church-diſcipline upon us when we are young, and afterwards (which is my greateſt quarrel to the whole Tribe) for loading us with a Wife, which they cannot eaſe us of, tho' both parties are fully agreed for a divorce. Laſtly, to make ſhort work on't, and not to give my ſelf the trouble of diſtinguiſhing between Church and Church, and the profeſſors of this, and t'other perſwaſion, I arraign the whole Fraternity from *London* to *Japan* for a pack of Jugglers and Impoſtors.

Spaniſh Fryer p. 63.

This ſet the Heathen *Prieſt-hood in a flame,* *Abſol.* and
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame. *Achit.*

That laſt line Mr. *Crites*, unleſs I am miſtaken, touches the Copy-hold of all theſe ſpiritual Gentlemen, from a Chriſtian Patriarch, down to an *Indian* Bramy; now I fancy you are apt to imagine, when you ſee a *Pagan* Prieſt ſeverely uſed in any of my Plays, that I had no further deſign in my head, than to ridicule that party, but I muſt take the freedom to aſſure you of the contrary: For as it was the pollicy of the *Fanaticks* in their late famous Proceſſion on Queen *Beſſe*'s night, to wound the Eſtabliſhed Church through the ſides of the Romaniſts; ſo it has ever been my Method, to do 'em the ſame injury through the ſides of Pagans. But to give you a clearer Satisfaction in the matter, carry this inſtance along with you.——In my *Oedipus*, I bring in a certain Cit ſpeaking to the People, to make way for the old *Tireſius* to paſs, don't tread on the blind Prophets Corns (ſays he) we ought to ſhow him reſpect, becauſe he ſays he comes from the Gods. Ay, ay, replies a Neighbour, whom I had tutor'd before at *Long-Acre*: He's not the ſooner to be belived for ſaying ſo, all of the Profeſſion can pretend as much as that for themſelves—and ſo Gentlemen for the future if you find me expoſe, kick, and toſs ſome poor Heathen Prieſt in a Blanket, you may be ſure I mean ſome ſleepy Prebend of a Cathedral, or elſe ſome Imprimatur-man, who lives at the Scandal-office, a Biſhops Chaplain. Now if you pleaſe *Mr. Levite*, to go about your lawful occaſions, you may *Preſto vade* be gone, and make room for the Fraternity of Poets to enter.

Crites. Methinks *Mr. Bays*, if you had obſerved the true Order, your Lawyers and Phyſicians ought to have ſucceeded the Divines.

Bays. So they ſhould *Mr. Crites*, if I had any reaſon now to introduce them upon the Stage: But I was ever maſter of ſo much Chriſtian Prudence, I bleſs my Stars for it, as not to meddle with the Velvet-coat and Urinal, or the Green Bag, and long Robe; for as I have had from my Cradle a greater regard to the Welfare of my Body than my Soul, ſo I was always ſo circumſpect, as to conſider that a Phyſician might revenge his quarrel upon my Tenement of Clay, and the Lawyer either hang me, or ruine my Cauſe, when I was to appear before him, and he made a Judge. But as for your Divines, you may as ſafely aſſault them

as a Herd of naked *Indians*, (otherwise you may swear a Poet durst never venture to invade them so often) they have only a pointless poor Weapon, *Curtana* by name, to defend themselves; and as my Son *Gomez* well observes, if there were no more in Excommunication than in the Churches Censure, a wise man wou'd lick his Conscience whole with a wet finger.———

As for the Poets Mr. *Crites*, of which Company I am the present Master, they are without doubt, the poorest Company about Town, (tho at the same time the largest, if you take in the City Writers, and the out-lying Deer in the Suburbs) and to the best of my knowledge, cannot say they have produc'd one Lord Mayor, one Alderman, one Sheriff: nay, scarce one Common-Councilman or Constable, since the Conquest. They are besides, a very ill-natur'd, querulous, complaining sort of men, much of the same constitution with the Old *Hebrews*, always railing at Fortune, and damning their own function.

Eugen. And in my opinion, *Mr. Bays*, 'tis as preposterous a way in these Gentlemen to endeavour to recommend their profession to the World by railing at it, as to think to palm a bad Play upon an Audience, by calling them Fools and Sots, and Hobby-horses, in the Prologue.

Bays. 'Tis very true Sir, and therefore the rest of Mankind have generally the discretion to speak well of their own present condition; your Married men to wheedle more Company into the Magick Circle, can say a hundred pleasant things of the conveniencies of Matrimony; nay a *Scotchman* shall inlarge as much in commendation of his own ragged Country, as a *Milanese* for *Lombardy*. But Poets, as I told you before, are the only men in the Universe that rail at their own calling, and upon this very score, think they may be somewhat excused for making bold with other men, and other professions. For my part, I have taken better and wiser methods, 'tis but telling the World that my Maker is an Almighty Poet, and the Ball we live in a Strue, sublime, well contrived Heroick Poem, and the honour of our vocation is sufficiently secur'd from any scandals that may afterwards be fastned upon it. I must confess I never had a good word from my Brethren the Poets, nor they from me, since I presided in the Chair: But a man may very well allow the losers the leave of talking, and I am apt to flatter my self that my assuming the Glorious Title of Poet Universal, and degrading the rest of my Brethren so far, as to make them take all their Commissions from my my own hand, was as great and as Politick an undertaking, as it was in Pope *Boniface* to do you know what.———

Crites. But pray Mr. *Bays*, oblige your old acquaintance so far, as to let them know how you managed your self in this important affair.

Bays. With all my heart, for you cannot assign me a more grateful province than to recount my past labours, and acquaint you from what inconsiderable beginnings I aspired to my present Grandeur and Dignity———In the first place, after some years spent in the University, I quitted all my preferment there to come and reside in the Imperial City, because it was likely to prove a Scene of more advantage and business, by reason of the great resort of strangers to it, and likewise because it was the fittest place in the whole Island for a Monarch to settle his Court, issue out orders for his Subjects at home, and entertain a commerce with his Allys abroad. At first I struggled with a great deal of persecution, took up with a lodging which had a Window no bigger than a Pocket-Looking-glass,

Dined

Dined at a Three-penny Ordinary enough to ſtarve a Vocation Taylor, kept little Company, went clad in homely Drugget, and drunk Wine as ſeldom as a *Rechabite*, or the *Grand Seignior's* Confeſſor. Much about this time Mr. *Crites*, as you may very well remember, I made my firſt addreſſes in Panegyric to *Oliver Cromwell*, and that puiſſant Uſurping *Phocas* had certainly conferred the Title of Oecumenical Univerſal Poet upon me, if a Tempeſt had not hurried him out of the World before his time ——

Eugen. Under favour Mr. *Bays*, would not you have refuſed the Title, coming from a perſon of his Character?

Bays. Refus'd it! No, not I, I'gad: I beg your pardon Sir, a better perſon by far than my ſelf was glad to accept the ſame Title from a worſe hand, no diſpraiſe to the Protectors, by the ſame token that his Succeſſors have had the grace to keep it to this preſent minute. Being unfortunately diſappointed of my hopes in this place, I tack'd about with the times, and applyed my ſelf to the mighty Grandees at Court, flatter'd Lords whom no body elſe would flatter, but eſpecially made it my buſineſs to win the affections of the Ladies, who *I* knew had the diſpoſal of their Husbands; and conſequently would prove ſure Cards in time of need. Finding ſome little encouragement here, and reſolving to weather all ſtorms that might happen, I began to reform the Theatre, and reſtore it, (as I gave out) to its Primitive Splendour aed Purity, receiv'd the appeals of my younger Brethren of the Stage, Coyned Heroes as faſt as *Brumingham*, Groats, depoſed Kings, divorced Queens, damn'd and ejected all thoſe that oppos'd my Novel Conſtitutions, aad pretended to ſquare themſelves by uncorrupted antiquity: Laſtly, inſtead of ſenſe, reaſon, and true paſſion, I introduced nothing upon the Stage but meer Show and Pageantry, Dancing, Flying, Singing, Fighting, Viſions, Dreams, Exorciſms and Revelations, Charms, Witchcrafts, Fire and Gun-powder, Thunder and Lightning; till at laſt Spirits and Apparitions turned out the men, and poor Tragedy it ſelf was ſwallowed up in an *Opera*.

Crites. But pray Mr. *Bays*, what did you ſay to *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, and the reſt of them? Methinks your new-ſettled Monarchy ſhould ſtand in a great deal of danger, as long as thoſe Authors continued in any reſpect and authority among the People.

Bays. To prevent, Sir, all ſtorms that might have iſſued from that quarter, I preſently ſet me up an *Index expurgatorius*, by the virtue of which I ſo caſtrated theſe grave Old-faſhioned Gentlemen, ſo diſguiſed their true features, by putting them in modern apparel, that upon the Stage. few, very few I gad, could diſtinguiſh their works from my own proper Legitimate productions. Then I fulminated *Johnſons* affected Style, his dull way of making Love, his Theſts and mean Characters: *Shakeſpears* Ignorance, long Periods, and Barbarous Language: *Fletchers* want of a Gentlemans Education; ſo often, you do obſerve me Mr. *Crites*, that ſcarce one in a hundred had the aſſurance to offer one good word in their behalf. Having made theſe advances, I proceeded to Cenſure the living Poets with great vigour and ſeverity, acquainted the World with the nullity of their Ordination, and at the ſame time, publiſhed a *manifeſto* wherein I declar'd that the right of Inveſtiture, with a Play-houſe Jilt and a Bottle, ſolely and wholly belonged to my ſelf; that it ſhould be lawful for a Poet to keep his Whore, but whoſoever offer'd to Marry, ſhould *ipſo facto*, forfeit his allowance

from

from the Theatre. That all the World besides lay under a mistake, but only Mr. *Bays* was in the right. That the Stage had two great luminaries, Mr. *Bays*, and Mr. *Batterton*, to inlighten it, but that Mr. *Bays* was just as much bigger than *Mr. Batterton*, as the Sun is bigger than the Moon. Finally, I owned my self to be *Apollo*'s Vicar here upon Earth, and *Homer*'s Successor in the ancient and unerring See of *Parnassus*. That the Decrees of *Mr. Bays* ought to be observed with the same deference as the decrees of *Apollo*. That all other Writers were to be judged by *Mr. Bays*, but *Mr. Bays* was only accountable to for his mistakes to *Apollo* himself. And then I threatned to suspend all those Poets from Stew'd Prunes, Wine, Fire and Tobacco: nay, to confine them *durante vita*, to Temperance, Sobriety and no Fornication, who should presume to convene any Assemblies in *Grub-street* without my order, or appeal from my Sentence to *Aristotle*, *Longinus*, or any other person whatsoever.

Crites. Dear *Bays*, how I could hug thee for this! Oh thou true and invincible *Hildebrand* of Poets! But prithee, for more security, get an Act of Parliament to confirm the Title to thee and thy Heirs for ever, and the business is settled past dispute.

Bays. There you hit me *Mr. Crites*, and indeed I have designed such a thing a long while ago, as I shall inform you presently at a better convenience. —— But Gentlemen, when I had thus in the plenitude of my power issued out the above-mentioned Decretal Epistles, you cannot imagine what abundance of Adversaries I created my self; some were for appealing to a free unbyas'd Synod of impartial Authors, others were for suing out a *Quo Warranto* to examine the validity of my charter. Not to mention those of higher quality, I was immediately set upon by the fierce *Elkanah*, the Empress of *Morocco*'s Agent, who at that time commanded a party of *Mooriſh* Horse; in order to raise the siege of *Granada*; and a fat old gouty Gentleman, commonly called the King of *Basan*, who had almost devoured the Stage with free-quarter for his men of Wit, and humourists: But I countermin'd all their designs against my Crown and Person in a moment, for I presently got the one to be dress up in a *Sanbenito*, under the unsanctified name of *Doeg*; the other I coupled my self with his namesake *Thomas Sternhold*: Being thus degraded from their Poetick Function, and made uncapable of crowning Princes, raising Ghosts, and offering any more incense of Flattery to the living and the dead. I delivered them over to the Secular Arm to be chastised by the furious Dapper-wits of the Inns of Court, and the young Critics of the University. Furthermore to prevent all infection of their errors, I directed my Monitory Letters to the Sieur *Batterton*, advising him to keep no correspondence, either directly or indirectly, with those aforesaid Apostates from Sense and Reason; adding, that in case of neglect, I would certainly put the Theatre under an interdict, send a Troop of Dragoons from *Drury-lane* to demolish his Garrison in *Salisbury-Court*: and absolve all his Subjects, even the Sub-Deacons and Acolyths of the Stage; his trusty Door-keepers and Candle lighters from their Oaths of Fealty and Allegiance. There remains yet behind a little stammering Sonnetier, whom I suspended *a beneficio* some two years ago for a Play of his called the *Banditti*; but because he understands no more *Latin* than *Jacta est alea Anguillam cauda tenes*, for which he quotes at second hand *Erasmus*'s Adagies

gies, and consequently is not capable of forming any great designs against my Government, I have forbore to treat him with any further severity, and allow'd him the humble priviledge of charming Country Ladies, and City Prentices.

Now clear the Stage of Poets——And enter thou Many-headed Beast, the Mobile of *England*. It had been an endless piece of trouble, *Mr. Crites*, to have run over all those parts which make up this heterogeneous Monster; or to have treated the Inkle-weavers, the Porters, the Tankard-bearers, the dealers in Ribbons, News-books, Wall-Divinity, and Penny-Custards, and the rest of that Mechanical herd, in a Chapter by themselves: *Adam*'s naming all the Beasts in Paradice had been nothing to it. So in the twinkling of an eye I have ranked the Almighty Rabble in one continued line, from *White-Chappel* to *Charing-Cross*. But what do you think now will follow upon this same business?

Crites. Nay the Lord knows, *Mr. Bays*, for I can't imagine what should.

Bays. Why Sir no more than this; if they reach'd two mile further, I have a Verse for all that which shall go beyond 'em: 'Tis a most exceeding sharp reflection upon the whole body, but I'gad so cunningly disguised with a hard word or two, that it is not in the capacity of every mean person to understand it: And I dare engage to speak it as safely before 'em all, as a Justice of Peace may quote a false Statute at a Sessions, or a Priest may speak false Latin in giving the Absolution,

Eugen. And I dare also engage for my part, Mr. *Bays*, before I hear what it is, that this same Almighty Rabble of yours shall be apt to mistake it for a complement, as some of their Predecessors before them took *Si populus vult decipi*, for a Patriarchal Benediction.

Bays. Pray Sir mind your own business, and don't trouble your self with any concern of mine — But, *Mr. Crites*, you shall hear now with what freedom I have censur'd this fickle multitude, this *Neutrum modo, mas modo vulgus*:

Not Truth nor Reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o're all——
The Medal.

I find I must take breath again before I can compass it, 'tis so very long——

Thou leap'st o're all eternal Truths in thy Pindaric way.

Crites. This is a cutter, by my faith *Mr. Bays*, it lashes somewhere with a vengeance, and I am now perswaded if the Rabble did but understand how severely you have affronted them, that you'd have a greater Mutiny about your ears than the late Cow-keeper, or Sir *Nicholas Grimcrack* in the *Virtuoso*.

Bays. I am much of your opinion Mr. *Crites*, but prithee is it not a noble Majestick Verse that last?

Thou leap'st o're all eternal ——

To tell you the truth, I measur'd it not by my Fingers, but a pair of Compasses; and I dare safely say 'tis the longest line except one in Christendom: Now because you are my extraordinary good friends, I will tell you whence I borrowed the hint: It was my fortune once in my Travels to drop into a Country Alehouse, where some few stories of the Old Testament were represented in very ancient Hangings: Amongst the rest, that famous passage between *Pharaoh* and *Moses* was touch'd upon, with some old-fashion'd Poetry beneath it to explain the Figure, and these individual lines that follow, as I very well remember, walk'd clearly round the room;

Why was not he a Rascal
Who refused to suffer the Children of Israel *to go into the Wilderness* ——

Crites. What have you not done with it, *Mr. Bays?*

Bays. No, no, — *with their Wives and Families to eat the Paschal.* There's a line for you, Mr. *Crites,* if all the Pindaric in the World were lost, this would certainly retrieve it from oblivion. I had the curiosity to measure it, and 'tis just thirty four foot of Metre, no more, nor no less. I warrant you any other man might have seen it twenty and twenty times, and never edify'd the value of a brass farthing at the sight; but I am an inquisitive person you know, and like a good Chymist, can extract rich Spirits of Poetry out of the most insipid matter. — So much at present for the several orders and degrees of mankind: But I wish with all my heart my quarrels had stopt here, or been only confin'd to my fellow-creatures: but I faith I have been so unfortunate in my time as to make a step higher, so that if it is with Angels, as with any particular society of men here upon earth, where, if you disoblige one, you disoblige all the rest; I must confess to my shame and sorrow, that I have affronted the whole Celestial Hierarchy: For, *Mr. Crites,* I have put the grossest abuse imaginable upon one of their Tribe, who, as I am informed, makes no inconsiderable figure amongst 'em, even the Archangel *Gabriel.*

Crites. How *Mr. Bays,* the Archangel *Gabriel*! what occasion had you to quarrel with him?

Bays. Troth *Mr. Crites,* none at all: How should I? I never saw him, or spoke with him, to the best of my knowledge, in all my life: But now and then 'tis my misfortune to be possest with the Spirit of Contradiction, and at that time should you attempt me with all the kind language, and the most convincing arguments in the world, I am not to be perswaded: Thus in my Life of *Plutarch,* when it lay in my power either to have wav'd the business, or at one words speaking, to have made as good a Christian of that Reverend Philosopher as ever lived; and I might easily have prevailed with good *St. Jerome* to set his hand to the Affidavit (for you must know that honest Father inserted a worse man, the Cuckold-maker *Seneca* by name, into his Catalogue) I'gad, I make him, in spight of his Teeth, to continue in his old *Pagan* perswasion, and present him with half a dozen objections against the Christan Religion, which I'm sure will never relish as long as the World stands, with a Philosophers critical palate. Thus also in the Conquest of *Mexico,* a foolish freak took me in the head, and I must make not only the *Indian* Priest, and *Montezuma* himself (who was in truth a very illiterate Prince) but even some of his Courtiers (who are a sort of men you know that seldom trouble themselves either with the Speculative or practick part of Religion) so confound the *Spanish* Chaplain and the rest of his Countrymen, that they were forced in the Fifth Act, when other methods fail'd, to betake themselves to the Infallible Arguments of the Rack, in order to make the Emperour and his Priest set their hands to the Apostles Creed, and the Popes Supremacy.

Engen. That was very unkindly done, indeed *Mr. Bays.*

Bays. So it was Sir, and *I* have reckon'd it ever since among one of my crying sins, and design to do hearty pennance for it as long as I live. But to pursue the business in hand, the very same spirit of Contradiction I was mentioning before, seiz'd me when I undertook to clear *Miltons* Paradice of Weeds, and garnish that noble Poem with the additional beauty and softness of Rhyme. He, like a blind buzzard

as he was, makes *Adam* perform his addresses so ungracefully, introduces him, discoursing so unlike a Gentleman, with that negligence of Language, and stupidity of Spirit, that I'gad, you'd pitty his condition. And then for *Eve*, as he has drawn her Character, she talks so like an insipid Country House-keeper, whose knowledge goes no farther than the Still or the Dairy, who is as little acquainted with the tenderness of passion, as the management of an Intreague, that one cannot chuse but wonder at it. Now when I came to fall upon this work, I was resolved to bestow a little good breeding upon our first Parents, to shew them the Gallantry of a Court, and the Discipline of an Academy, to give them a turn or two in the *Mall*, and the Galleries at *Whitehall*, to entertain them with a Play in the King's Box at the *Theatre*, and afterwards with a fashionable Oglio at *Lockets*, or the Blue Posts, that so they might be prevail'd with to leave the contemptible frugality of feeding upon Sallads, and shake off all that Clowniſh rust which they had contracted in a former Education. For this reason, Mr. *Crites*, I have made that great Grand mother of ours, discourse after another rate than she did before; she talks of love as feelingly as a Thrice married Widdow, yet rails at marriage with the same concern, as if she had seen the misfortunes of half her Daughters; tells her Gallant that it was the practice of all his Sex to decoy poor innocent Maids with sham stories of their passion; and that he'd be as apt to forget her after the enjoyment was over, as Sharper of the Town forgets the last friend he borrowed Money of: In fine, she discourses of Flames, Darts and Transports, of the performances of Lovers, and the Fatality of Matrimony, (though God knows, the poor Gentlewoman had no occasion to understand them before) with as much familiarity as the Emperour *Montezuma* discourses of the Sea, who had scarce seen or heard of a puddle greater than a Horse-pond in all his life time. And then as for *Adam*, I have put my self to the charges of giving him a year or two's running at the University, made him as well acquainted with all the arguments of the *Supralapsarians*, as a Justice's Clerk is with all the She-traders in his Masters Dominions: so that when the Arch-angel *Gabriel* came to pay him a visit at his Summer house, he presently engages him before the second Course was remov'd, in the Mysterious Controversie about Free-will, proposes *Mediums*, solves Objections, tells his guest that his Major was open enough to let a whole Shoal of *Arminians* in at the Breaches, that his Minor would not hold water; and sometimes I'gad, in plain downright English, assures him that his inferences had no more relation to the premises, than the Alcoran to the Four Evangelists.

Crites. Pray Mr. *Bays*, how long ago is it since Angels have made use of Syllogism? I thought that those Intuitive Gentlemen had never put themselves to the trouble of tracing causes by their effects, or drawing conclusions from their premises.

Bays. Why there's the mischief on't, I knew well enough that the Angels stand in no more need of a *Grammatica Rationis*, than a ready Wit does of a Common-place-book; but such is my unhappiness now and then, that I must run contrary to the Sentiments of all Mankind, though my whole Family suffers by it: Nay, to aggravate the matter, I made this great Progenitor of ours, so baffle the Arch-angel in the intricate point of Free-will, that I should have been most mortally afraid that the discontented *Gabriel* had carried some dregs of

Calviniſm along with him into Heaven, and infected the reſt of his fellow Angels, but that I have heard nothing of it ſince: However I am in a fair way now, I hope, to be reconciled to him, for I employ my *Tutelar Genius* every morning to ſollicit his pardon, and to let him know from me, that if ever this unfortunate *Opera* of mine lives to a ſecond Edition, I deſign to write a *Poeta loquitur* on that part of the page where the Angel diſcourſes.

Eugen. That will do very well Mr. *Bays*, to recover his loſt reputation with the Reader, and no queſtion on't, but it will go a great way to encline him to better thoughts of your repentance: But prithee little *Bays*, may I make ſo bold as to enquire the reaſon why you are ſo great an enemy to Free-will? Is it not becauſe you are willing to plead fatal neceſſity at the day of Judgment, and lay all your miſcarriages at your Makers door?

Bays. I muſt give you the ſame anſwer to this queſtion, as a Country-Phyſician gave a friend of mine, who came to enquire of him how he cured himſelf of his laſt Ague; for you muſt note, that this ſame Blunderbuſs by ſome accident or other, had dropt upon a right Medicine: No Sir (ſaid he) I beg your pardon, for I am under an obligation never to diſcloſe the ſecret to any Perſon breathing; but if you are ſo lucky as to name the true remedy, for our old acquaintance ſake, I'll not conceal it from you. Is it (ſays the Gentleman) *Octabis Hilarii? No I proteſt.* Why then, I'll lay all that I'm worth in the World, continues he, that it is *Quindena Paſchæ Neither is it that upon my Life; but for your comfort, it is ſomething as like* Quindena Paſchæ *as may be; nay, to ſatisfie you further in the caſe,* Quindena Paſchæ *is one of the chief Ingredients.* In like manner Mr *Eugenius*, I muſt tell you, that you have not pitch'd upon the true reaſon why I am ſo bitter an Enemy to Freewill, (for that relates to a particular affront which I receiv'd from an *Arminian* Divine) but I can aſſure you upon my Integrity, that it comes as nigh the true reaſon, as any thing in the World can come nigh another. I am ſure it is not only my own intereſt, but the intereſt of half Mankind, that we carried no ſuch troubleſome thing as Freewill about us, for then I know who muſt bear the blame of our Extravagancies another day; it would remove all thoſe peeviſh melancholy diſtinctions of good and evil, and ſcore the frequent Sallies and Exceſſes of our life upon the unavoidable influences and failures of humane nature. But Gentlemen, I have ſomewhere in the compaſs of four lines, urged this Opinion, except I am mightily deceiv'd, with all the accuracy and ſtrength of reaſon, which ſo nice a ſubject can well allow of. Oh now I remember them!

Spaniſh Fryar. p: 40.

The Prieſthood groſly cheat us with Free-will,
Will to do what, but what Heaven firſt decreed;
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from Eternal cauſes they proceed.

Crites. I fancy Mr. *Bays*, that theſe Verſes, with ſome little alteration, would not be amiſs in a young Poets Prologue, who is to excuſe the Errours of his Eſſay to an Audience.

The Criticks baſely charge us with Freewill,
Will to write what, but what our Stars decreed;
Our Poems then are neither good nor ill,
Since from All-ruling Planets they proceed.

Ha! Mr. *Bays*, What think you now? Wou'd not this mollifie the cruel hearts of the moſt prejudiced Spectators?

Bays. Mollifie them! No queſtion on't Mr. *Crites*, unleſs the old Gentleman in black poſſeſs'd them all. I could inlarge very copiouſly upon this hint of yours, but that I am deſirous to finiſh the relation of my Conqueſts, before I proceed to any other buſineſs; and therefore to draw my Victories into a narrower compaſs, I have affronted the Men of Wit in my Gallants, expos'd the Men of Valour in my Heroes, ridicul'd the men of Love and Extaſie in my Jealous Coxcombs, the Ladies in my complying Females, Country Parſons in all my *Pagan* Prieſts, and Princes in my lawleſs *Maximines* of the *Theatre*; I have laſhed the State of Matrimony in my Marriage *A-la-mode*, the ſtate of Celibacy, and a Monaſtic life in my *Spaniſh* Fryar, and love in a Nunnery; the ſtate of Cuckoldom in my *Limberham*, the ſtate of Innocence in my *Opera* of *Adam*: In a word (if you'll be pleas'd to allow me the benefit of the Clergy, that is, the Chriſtian Priviledge of one ſingle quibble at parting) I have laſhed the States of *Holland* in my Tragedy of *Amboyna*.

Eugen. But Mr. *Bays*, this long digreſſion of yours, has clearly put you beſide the ſtory you promiſed us.

Bays. Goodſookers, ſo it has! Oh this treacherous forgetful head of mine! It ſerves me more unhandſome tricks I'gad, than a young Lawyer's Memory, who has not attained to his *Weſtminſter-hall* Compaſs of *Fitz*, *Pere* and *Ayle*: But how to fall exactly into the ſame place where I left off the Lord knows how, unleſs you can aſſiſt me Gentlemen.

Eugen. Very eaſily Sir, for all that we have hitherto heard concerning your ſtory, only comes to this, That ſome Three Weeks before your Converſion in 1685. it was your fortune to go down the River as far as *Greenwich*, with ſome *Iriſh* Gentlemen of your acquintance.

Bays. Right Sir with ſome *Iriſh* Gentlemen of my acquaintance, where out of an exceſs of Friendſhip, and a miſtaken principle of Honour, I drank a prodigious quantity of Wine for two days together, though to deal honeſtly with you, the Wine was only fit to be drank in a Proteſtant Communion, or to Bury Prince *Belzebub's* Subjects.

Crites. Have a care Mr *Bays*, you are always abuſing ſome Princes Subjects or other; but pray Sir, to what part of the Globe do theſe ſtrangers belong, or what do you mean by Prince *Belzebub's* Subjects?

Bays. Why the Flyes, man! O Lord that you ſhould be ſo Ignorant. I hope Sir, a Man may paſs a jeſt upon the Flyes without offending you, or any body elſe.

Crites. No queſtion on't Mr. *Bays*. But prithee man, why ſo ſevere upon the Proteſtant Communicants?

Bays. Becauſe it is ſo unſeemly a ſight to ſee a Fat Two-handed Layman, with a Face which you may divide as Dr *Heylin* has done the Kingdom of *Poland*, in the Champain and the Woody, overgrown with Beard, and looking like the Moon half recovered out of an Eclipſe (pray mind the compariſon) ſpill half the Chalice upon his Whiskers, and afterwards wipe 'em with his greaſie Elbow.

Crites. Rather than break ſquares between both Churches as to that particular, I'll engage, Mr. *Bays*, that the Laymen ſhall all of 'em be ſhaved before they

Bays. It can never be done Sir, say you what you will, or propose what expedients you will; for a Laymans Face (and the experiment was made before no worse company than the Council of *Constance*) can never be made so sleek and all that, as a Sacerdotal countenance: I have, Mr. *Crites*, since I was reduced, laboured in this affair to accommodate it, as much as any person whatever, for I wou'd not willingly pay for Wine and not have my share, but it won't do. Another project I have thought upon, which is a great deal more feasible, may be of infinite advantage to the Kingdom, and I hope may meet with better success.

Eugenius. Pray Mr. *Bays* what is that?

Bays Why you know Sir, what a dull time Poets have had of it lately, since the Considerers and Answerers of both sides have invaded the Press, no more to do I'gad than a Player in the Vacation; and Wit as perfect and meer a drug as Wool before the Burying Act. Now what do you think I intend to do in this case, Mr. *Crites?*

Crites. Faith Sir, I can't tell, for I have no extraordinary hand at supposition and conjecture.

Bays. No, you may think and pump your imagination these forty years, and ne're be the wiser. Why, I intend——But you'll half kill your selves with laughing at the conceit——I intend to get a Burying Act for the Muses.

Crites. A Burying Act! As how I pray?

Bays. I will make my application to the Worshipful Members of the next Parliament, and represent to them the miserable condition of Nine Muses, which is more to be pitied I'gad, than all the sufferings of the *French* Protestants. In order to make my Petition meet with better entertainment, and move their compassion, I'll tell them a lamentable story of *Apollo*, the Father of these Girls, how I saw him the other day Eating Spoon-meat amongst Porters in the *Stocks-Market*, in a little greasie old-fashion'd Black Cloak, which hung about his Shoulders like an Herald's Coat without sleeves, and scarce reach'd so low as one of your Sub-deacons Surplices at *Summerset-house*; likewise with a little Extinguisher-like Hat on, and that when I enquired of him, how it came to be so unmercifully paired and-circumcised, he should answer that he parted with a Groatsworth of the brim, to equip a Basket-hilt in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields:* nay, to secure my self from all possible dangers of a disappointment in the Case, I design to acquaint them with what the Old Gentleman had informed me concerning his Daughters; that unless their relief came presently, they must be forced like the City Orphans, to marry below themselves, and take up with Lawyers Clerks, Penny-Chroniclers, and *Smithfield*-Sonnitiers, for want of better; that they durst not make their appearance at any places of publick resort, because they wanted the necessary accommodation of *Night-rails* and *Top-knots*; and that the trusty Keepers of *Westminster* had discarded them, ever since they retrenched their Families, and turned out their Servants to Board-wages. And then as for himself, he protests that he has not tasted a drop of Wine since the Conduits pist Claret at the Coronation; that he could not be trusted a week ago in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, for half a dozen strings to his *Welsh* Harp, though he was amongst so many of his own Tenants, the Booksellers; and lastly, to use his own expression (by which you may perceive his necessities have made him profane as well as desperate) that he has subsisted of late years like the poor melancholly Acci-

Crites. Nothing certainly will prevail upon them, Mr. *Bays*, if this ſtory won't.

Bays, Nay, you may let me alone to move the hearts of any Aſſembly in Chriſtendom. After I have prepoſſeſs'd them with this doleful Tale, I will humbly offer to their charitable conſiderations theſe following Propoſals.

That for encouraging the manufacture of Poetry, (pray obſerve me Gentlemen, I call it a manufacture, becauſe to my ſelf it is more the trouble of the fingers than the labour of the brain) which has of late years, to the ruine of ſeveral Families, the decay of Trade, and the loſs of the Kingdom in general, been diſcontinued; both Houſes of Parliament think fit to ordain for the future.

Firſt, That no perſon above the Degree of a Lord ſhall preſume to be buried under a dozen Stanza's of good lawful Pindaric Poetry; for which his Heirs, Executors, and Adminiſtrators ſhall pay a Crown a Stanza.

Crites, But why not. Mr. *Bays*, as well be buried is good Heroic?

Bays. For a certain reaſon, Sir, which I am ſure will make you bepiſs your ſelf, tis ſo extremely diverting. You know Sir, that Princes, Dukes, and Earls (I can't help reflecting for the heart of me) are a ſort of lawleſs, ungovernable people: Now what kind of Poetry is ſo ſuitable, do you think, for theſe perſons, as that which defies all Rules, leaps over all Conſtitutions, and in fine, does what it pleaſes.

Secondly, That all people, from the condition of a Lord down to a Baronet, ſhall be embalmed in twenty pair of Hetoic Verſe, for which they ſhall pay a Noble. Now the reaſon why I am for burying theſe worthy Gentlemen in Heroic is this, That as the *Nile* ſeldom mounts above the 18th figure, and ſeldom ebbs below the 14th, ſo true Valour rarely riſes above a Lord, and rarely falls below the quality of a Boronet.

Eugen. Why could you not, Mr. *Bays*, have borrowed your inſtance from the Quick-ſilver in a Weather-glaſs, as well as travelled for one as far as *Egypt*. I find you are for hedging a ſtake in your old age amongſt the men of Valour.

Thirdly, That Country Squires, Heads of Houſes, Doctors of Divinity, and the Civil Law, Prebends of Cathedrals; all Mayors, Bailiffs, and Aldermen, *&c.* ſhall be buried in their dearly-beloved Acroſtics, (you ſee I am tart upon half the Nation) for which they are to pay ſeven Groats (cheap enough I gad) and that the Poet ſhall be bound to bait the laſt diſtich either with pun or quibble; otherwiſe to receive nothing for his labour; any thing in this Act or Statute to the contrary notwithſtanding.

Crites Methinks Mr. *Bays*, you ought in Conſcience to have excepted the Mayors of *Wooden-baſſet* and *Queenborough*, I dare engage the Magiſtrates there had rather be interred without the ſolemnity of an Epitaph, than go to the charges of paying for it.

Bays. No, no, they muſt pay, if it were only for repreſenting his Majeſty.

Fourthly, that all others of meaner rank and families ſhall be content to lye wrapt in a wholeſome ſhort ditty, to the malancholly Tune of *St. Sepulchres* Chimes, for which they muſt pay one ſingle Teſter.

Fifthly, That whereas Mr. *Bays* has done the Nation ſuch important ſervice, and gratified all parties; that is libelled the Prieſts to pleaſe the Laity, and railed at the Laity to get himſelf reconciled to the Prieſts; lampoon'd the Court to oblige his truſting friends in the City, and ridicul'd the City to ſecure a promiſing

Lord at Court; expos'd the kind Keepers of *Covent-Garden* to please the Cuckolds of *Cheapside*, and drolled upon the City Do-littles to tickle the *Covent-Garden Limberhams*, drawn his Pen against the *Romanists*, to win the hearts of *Fanaticks* and *Socinians*, and afterwards attack'd all the herd of dissenters, to retaliate the injury done to the *Romanists*; rail'd at Matrimony to ingratiate with the supernannuated Maids of Honour, and damn'd a single life, to get a Dinner amongst the fond Husbands: That in consideration of these, and several other important services, the Members of both Houses think fit to settle the priviledge of Licensing all Poets whatsoever, from the humble dealers in Tobacco-box inscriptions, to the wholesale Traders in Drammatick, on him and his heirs for ever; which Poets are to renew their Licenses every half year: to obay all his Orders and Instructions, are never to exceed five hundred, and to be marked in the back as *Hackney*-Coaches are -.-- --So much for this projects (which is not much amiss, considering every body at Court, not the meanest *Irishman* excepted, are now in the begging humour) but I forget the main business, my Story—We continued at *Greenwich* full two days, all which time we did nothing at all I'gad but drink and tipple: A certain passage happen'd the second day, which is not unworthy the relating, but because we have already been so much upon the digression, I'le e'ne forbear it——

Eugen. Nay, Mr. *Bays*, if you'l promise to be Laconick, let us have it.

Bays. A certain Gentleman came accidentally into the room where we were drinking, and desired to be admitted into the company; we told him any civil person was welcome, and so he was receiv'd. Some short time after, there happen'd a little occasional discourse concerning Purgatory, and this Spark was so unfortunate to say he disbelieved it; now to the everlasting shame of all those persons who have the assurance to deny Purgatory, I maul'd him so by dint of Argument, and Wit, sheer Wit I gad, that he had not one syllable to say for himself.

Crites. I thought Mr. *Bays*, that your dear self at that time had been of the Gentlemans opinion.

Bays. Troth Sir I must needs own that I had no over great opinion of the place till this lucky passage confirmed me. Indeed I had little dawning of the Gospel upon me for a fortnight before, but it was a doubtful glimmering sort of a light, and as I may say, just like that by which *Corinna* obliged her Gallant,

Pars aperta fuit, pars altera ceausa fenestræ.

Crites. Is not that comparison of yours, Mr. *Bays*, somewhat of the lewdest? Methinks you might have resembled the dawning of the Gospel to something else.

Bays. Tho it is a little luscious, it is exceeding witty, and that is all I desire in a simile. Sir, said I to the Gentlemen, you don't believe Purgatory it seems, because it was not discovered before the 11th Century, by the Abbot of *Clugny*. Right, says he. Why don't you as well, Mr. *Wiseacre* (rejoyn'd I) believe there's no such place as *America*, because it has not been discovered above two hundred years ago; upon which we all fell a laughing, and the poor Gentleman looked with as mortified a countenance as *Pharaohs* Baker, of famous memory, when his dream was interpreted to him.

Brites. Faith Mr. *Bays*, and that was ill enough in all conscience.

Bays. Lord, Mr. *Crites*, I have a hundred times more to say in behalf of Pur-

orbita — I can't endure to follow any mans footsteps, and that's the reason I so mortally hate your *Ficulnea Argumenta*, your Artillery drawn out of the Bible. What do you think I design at this very present, but to write a Play call'd the discovery of Purgatory, and to bring in the Abbot of *Clugny* in the first Scene; with these lines in his mouth:

Abbot. *On what new flaming Country are we thrown,*
So long kept secret, and so lately known,
As if the Seats of Erebus *withdrew,*
And here in private had conceiv'd a new.

Rare I'gad; and now the Monk answers him:

Monk. *Fire, Charcoal, Pipes, Tobacco here are found,*
With which our Countreys plenteously abound:
But Cyder and Cool Tankards here are scant,
Right Lime-juice we, and Punch moreover want.

Mind that more Moreover I pray, methinks it is so natural for a Monk, or a Country Parson.

As if this Infant——

Crites. What do you *as if* again, Mr. *Bays*?

Bays. Ay, Sir, and perhaps will *As if* it this hour longer if I please; should not the Monk, I pray, answer his Abbot.

As if this Infant World yet unarray'd,
Like House with Bill on door were starv'd for want of Trade.

The Quintessence of Wit, by my Faith, Gentlemen, but now it comes to the Abbot's turn to speak, who because he is something of a Scholar, I have made him demolish all the Peripatitic Philosophy in a moment.

Abbot. *Here the true elementar fire resides,*
And o're the spacious Fields in Triumph rides;
Down then the Stagyrite *with all his Crew,*
Let Infamy and Scorn his Name pursue;
He held that Fire dwelt in Concava Lunæ,
But here tis lodg'd, say I, the learned Clerk of Clugny.

'Tis new, and out of the rode, this same reflection, Mr. *Crites*; and the Abbot, you must know, was the more willing to take this opportunity of quarrelling with *Aristotle*; for his Pestilent Heretical Doctrine about Accidents; for my part, I owe him a grudge also, but design as soon as I can, to get out of his debt; 'tis but saying openly in a Coffee-house, that *Jesuits* Powder is the Bark of his Predicamental Tree, and you destroy his Reputation for ever amongst the Mobile. But to the Monk again

Monk. *Heaven from all Ages wisely did provide,*
And for the bravest Church these Mansions hide,
That we whose Head Supreme, and unconfin'd,
Is neither God nor man, but of a middle kind;
Should neither climb to Heaven, nor sink to Hell,
But in some place between for endless Ages dwell.

There's a thought for you, Mr. *Crites*, match it me if you can in the whole Universe, 'tis all flame and Spirit, and nothing but a Soul that has run through a course of Chymistry in Purgatory, could have utter'd it. After this follows one of the finest Scenes you ever read, but because it is somewhat of the longest, I

will only give you the heads of it: As soon as the Monk had done speaking these last words, a Messenger comes in from the Podesta of *Pensylvania*, to acquaint the Abbot of *Clugny*, that his Master and the Supernintendent of *New-England*, did intend that morning to try a brace of Congregational Bull-Dogs, at an Episcopal *Panther* in the *Bear-Garden* in the *Ecliptic*, and afterwards fully resolved to give him a meeting at his Toleration-apartment in Purgatory; and that if they liked the scituation of the Country, the temper of the Climate, the convenience of Trading, and found the place capable of being improved and cultivated, they would presently send him a Colony of huge Mortals, with large Hats, and no Cravats, to inhabit it. Whereupon——

Eugen. Under Correction, Mr. *Bays*, this same Abbot of *Clugny* is a very uncivil person to put you out of your road thus. Come Sir, your half hour is already past, and we won't be so unmannerly as to hinder your Devotion, and make you more matter for the next Confession.

Bays. Goodsookers, Mr *Eugenius*, are you a going already? Why, I am but just enter'd upon my story, and the best part of it is still behind: I'll trespass this once on Father what d'ye call him——If you'll sit down on the next Bench and hear it out.

Eugen. With all my heart, provided it will be no injury at all to you, Mr. *Bays*, for I should be as loath to hinder a Poets Devotion, as an Alderman's Alms, or a Souldiers Sobriety, the Reformation of a Player, or the Loyalty of a Dissenter.

Bays. 'Till be no injury at all I'gad——Now once in my life, Mr. *Crites*, I'll borrow my method from a Country Parson. You know 'tis the way of those dull, formal, insipid Animals, after they have made a long tedious harangue in the Morning, to serve it up in the Afternoon as the people do at their cold meat, the better to imprint it in the memory of their Flock, as they pretend; but I'gad, I say only to withdraw the Afternoons discourse, and save themselves the expence of a little Candle-light and thinking. Even so, Gentlemen, if you please to remember, I told you that in the year 1685. I chanced to go down to *Greenwich* with some *Irish* Gentlemen, where for the space of two days (pray observe the expression, because it came from the other side *Wapping*) Drinking had got the Weather-gage of Sobriety. But now I am come to tell you, that the next morning after, I look'd as ill as as poor Gentleman of the Town, who hast past through a System of Natural Philosophy, some half a dozen times at the *Bagnio*; I was all over in a flame, and so very sick (that though I am far from complementing the place) yet I should be very well content to have no other punishment inflicted on the Council of 25 at *Geneva*, than to share that illness between them, which I endured in my own person.

Crites. I thought Mr. *Bays*, that the man who could endure such a brunt for two days, was a confirm'd season'd Debauchée, and that nothing could hurt him.

Bays. Alas Sir, I seldom us'd to engage upon such hot service, unless an extraordinary occasion happen'd, and then I sure to do sufficient Pennance the next morning. But to proceed Sir, my Wife would of all loves perswade me to repair the breaches of Nature with a little Dyet-Drink: No, reply'd I, not for all the World, I scorn to be indebted to scandalous Dyet-drink for my health, as much as I do steal Verses from a Grave-stone, to purchase the reputation of a Poet; nay (continued I) I scorn it more than a *Fanatick* does to bind up his Bible in the same Calves-skin with the Common Prayer-book [illegible] *Crites*

Crites. What relation, pray Mr. *Bays*, has the Common-Prayer-Book and *Apocrypha*, to your Wifes Dyet-drink?

Bays. not at all, how should it? It is only a Comparison, Mr. *Crites*, and a Comparison always ought to be surprizing: Well, after I had consulted my constitution a little, I was resolved to relieve my self with Brandy, which accordingly I did, in a Corner-shop of the Street, and there fell into the most profound contemplation, that ever any uninspired person was possess'd with: But, pray, Gentlemen, what do you think it was that employed my meditation?

Crites. Why Hell-fire, Mr. *Bays*, for any thing I know to the contrary; if, as you say, your contemplation was so very profound.

Bays. Well, I protest to you, Mr. *Crites*, you are enough to make any body split with laughing: Hell-fire, I can assure you such a thought never came into my Head since my Nurse bound it up for me. Gad forgive me, that you cou'd ever imagine a Poet should mortifie himself with such a consideration; I am sure I have made more advances this way than any of my Tribe, yet cou'd never, for the heart of me, travel further than Purgatory. But to deal honestly with you, I thought of a certain business that was full as terrible I gad, and that was this: I considered with my self that the general conflagration of the World could not be above ten years off at the farthest; which made me resolve to part with all my darling sins on the sudden, and betake my self to the protection of that Church, which cou'd give me the most convincing assurances of Salvation.

Eugen. But pray, Mr. *Bays*, upon what ground was it that you believed the day of Judgment was so nigh?

Bays. If you have a mind to edify, Gentlemen, by what I am going to relate, I must entreat you to be very attentive; for, as the affair we treat of is exceeding nice and delicate, so if you lose but one chain of the Demonstration, you had as good have heard not one Syllable——I consider'd with my self, that from the first peopling of this Island till the Reformation, a little Ale, encouraged with Sugar and Rosemary, passed for an universal Cordial all the Nation over——This is my *Principium*——*Wicklevitical Aqua Vitæ* now and then interposed; and I can exactly tell you how long the Eclipse endured; that is, how the Ale laboured under a disrespect, and likewise how many digits were obscured; that is, how many Counties were guilty of using modern *Aqua Vitæ* instead of primitive ancient Ale: but this being a nicety, which perhaps needs not be so curiously examined, twill be better to wave it, and therefore I shall only desire you to remember, that Ale, prepared after the above-mentioned manner, continued in very good repute and credit till the Reformation.

Crites. Yes, yes, Mr. *Bays*, and as I take it, this Oecumenical Cordial of yours, was confirmed in half a dozen Provincial Synods, held in *Cutlers* Theatre, in *Warwick-lane*.

Bays. As for that, I cannot pass my word, friend *Crites*, nor am I willing to say any thing but what I have from unquestionable Tradition——Now when the heat of Controversie and Enthusiasm had set the body Natural of the body Politick in a ferment, it was observ'd, that Ale and Beer were too cold for the Constitutions of the people, and that they could no longer pass for Cordials.

Eugen. Alas! Poor discarded Ale, how do I pity thee! That thy old com-

panion Rose-mary, the reliever of thy Infirmities, and the support of thy Old Age, should be forc'd to abandon thee! But pray, Mr. *Bays*, is Religion so great an Inflamer? I never understood that piece of Philosophy before.

Bays. Your Protestant Religion inflames as much, or rather more than a Hectic Feaver; which I can make good by an undeniable demonstration to you, if you'l both of you promise not to forget the foundation I have hitherto been laying down. *Crites.* No, no, Mr. *Bays*, we wont forget it.

Bays. Why then I have this question to ask you, Mr. *Crites*, were you ever at a *Quakers* meeting? *Crites.* Very frequently Sir.

Bays. Then tell me *bona fide* whether you ever saw a handsome Woman of that sullen perswasion? Come confess the truth.

Crites. That I have, I can assure thee, little *Bays*.

Bays. You may take it from me, she was a Novice then, or else the heat of her zeal had certainly discoloured and sowr'd her countenance, and made her look like the rest of her Sex in those *Pagan* Assemblies. It is an Article of my Faith, that it is as impossible for a Woman to be a *Quaker* any time and handsome, as 'tis impossible for one to be a man of business and not dull: If you take a Barrel of Ale and place it to the Sun-shine of your back-side, perhaps in the first week you'll find no alteration, but in two or three months it certainly turns to Vinegar.

Crites. Very right, Mr. *Bays*; but prithee shut your hands of this simile as soon as you can.

Bays. So likewise a She-*Quaker* for the first half year may make a shift to preserve her Beauty; but afterwards, in spight of all *Spanish* Wool and Pomatums, the heat of her Religion will contract the Muscles in her face: Which is the reason that all your thorough-paced Women of that opinion have an awkward grinning sort of a look, for grinning, whether you know it or no, is nothing else but a contraction of the Muscles) and are as easily known by it all the World over, as the men are by their set looks, formal Hats, and short Cravats.

Eugen. If you have done with this point, Mr. *Bays*, pray let me entreat you to reassume the business of the Cordial.

Bays. Well then, Ale and Beer being, for these reasons I mentioned, thus disbanded we were forced to travel to the *Canaries* for a Cordial, and accordingly brought over Potent *Catholick Sack*; *Sack* had not long danced about in Thimbles and Spoonfuls, but it desir'd to leave the *Apothecaries* Shop, was very ambitious to inhabit a Tavern-Vault, and long'd extreamly to converse with men of Wit and Gayety, instead of Gossips, Nurses, Mid-wives, and decrepit Aldermen: But as familiarity makes every thing in the World contemptible, so in a short time *Sack* grew out of fashion, ceas'd to perform its ancient office of a Cordial; and towards the latter end of the late Usurpation, when we took *Jamaica* from the *Spaniards*, was forced to resign it self to potent *Brandy*. *Brandy* having had a large uncontroll'd, but a short reign, stands now upon its Tiptoes, and is making way for the Spirits of Wine.

Crites. From what signs is it, Mr. *Bays*, that you conclude the downfal and overthrow of Brandy? To my poor judgment now, it seems as puissant and well-beloved a Monarch as ever.

Bays. Because it has of late years removed out of the City into the Country,

where I am ſure it muſt, like the Goddeſs of Juſtice, take its laſt farewel of Mortals. Now after we have accuſtomed our ſelves to Spirits of Wine one half a ſcore years, and conſequently, heated our Tenements of Clay, our bodies, to the higheſt degree imaginable, if, as I told you before, the Conflagration does not then happen, according to this ſure Infallible Calculation, mind me, *Mr. Crites*, I give you free leave before your friend here; to poſt me up in a Gazette, for as ſcandalous an Author as the Modern Dealer in Natural Hiſtory; or, if that won't ſerve your turn, as the whole litter of Narrative-mongers, bound up in a Volume.

Eugen. Truly, Mr. *Bays*, this is a very aſtoniſhing, ſtrange notion of yours, as I ever heard in my life.

Bays. I muſt needs value my ſelf ſomewhat upon it, becauſe it is properly the product of my imagination, and no perſon in the World ever thought of it before. But, Gentlemen, you'l entertain more favourable thoughts of this diſcovery, I'm confident, if you'l do me the honour to judge impartially of theſe two following collateral arguments, which unleſs I am extremely deceiv'd in paſſing my opinion of things, very ſtrongly back, and confirm the aforeſaid Hypotheſis. The firſt is the immoderate and exceſſive taking of Tobacco, which peſtilent, noyſome weed, was brought into *Europe* much about the time when *Calvin* tapp'd his Anti-Hierarchical Hogſhhead of *Presbytery* at *Geneva*. You are ſenſible that Children ſmoak more now-adays, than even Souldiers and Carmen did heretofore; and that more of this naſty ſtuff is ſpent at a beaſtly City-feaſt, than would have ſerved the whole Kingdom formerly. Now Tobacco drys the Brain, inflames the Blood, encreaſes Choler, and takes away all that radical moiſture, which even the Brandy had the generoſity to ſpare. So much for the firſt ——

Crites. Before you proceed any further, Mr. *Bays*, pray what do you think of the mighty requeſt that Snuff and Coffee are in; You know both of them are exceeding dryers; will not this hint now ſerve to illuſtrate your Cauſe?

Bays. You may ſay what you pleaſe of Coffee, but not a word of Snuff, Mr. *Crites*, as you value your reputation, 'tis too ſacred a thing to be jeſted with; you have free liberty from your Friend *Bays*, to make bold with every thing in the world, excepting Snuff and the diſpencing Power. The other thing which confirmed me in this opinion, is likewiſe very ſhrewd and convincing, I could not but obſerve, Gentlemen, the great uſe of Deal within theſe few years every where.

Eugen. And what of that, Mr. *Bays*, you have no quarrel ſure to the *Norway*-Company, for importing ſo much of the King of *Denmarks* Timber.

Bays. Not the leaſt Sir; but Deal, you know, by reaſon of its unctuous reſinous ſubſtance, is the ſooneſt fired and the hardeſt to be extinguiſhed of any Timber in *Dodona's* Grove, and therefore it ſeem'd to me a flat deſign of providence to engage mankind in this tickle, ſhort-lived ſort of building, to fit their Houſes, as well as their Bodies, for the Univerſal Conflagration: You know *quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*; and I am ſure, thoſe that *Jupiter* intends to deſtroy by fire, thoſe will *Jupiter* by ſeveral methods and qualifications prepare and fitten for that buſineſs; for it is not the way of providence to do things on the ſudden, but to proceed by degrees, to diſpoſe every particular circumſtance for the enſuing affair, and ſtay till there's a joynt concurrence in all the parts to advance the

and if you think it deserves the name of an Essay, perhaps I may have it publish-ed amongst the curiosities of the next Bibliotheque Universal, or printed by way of Appendix, or Suppliment to *Burnets Theoria telluris.*

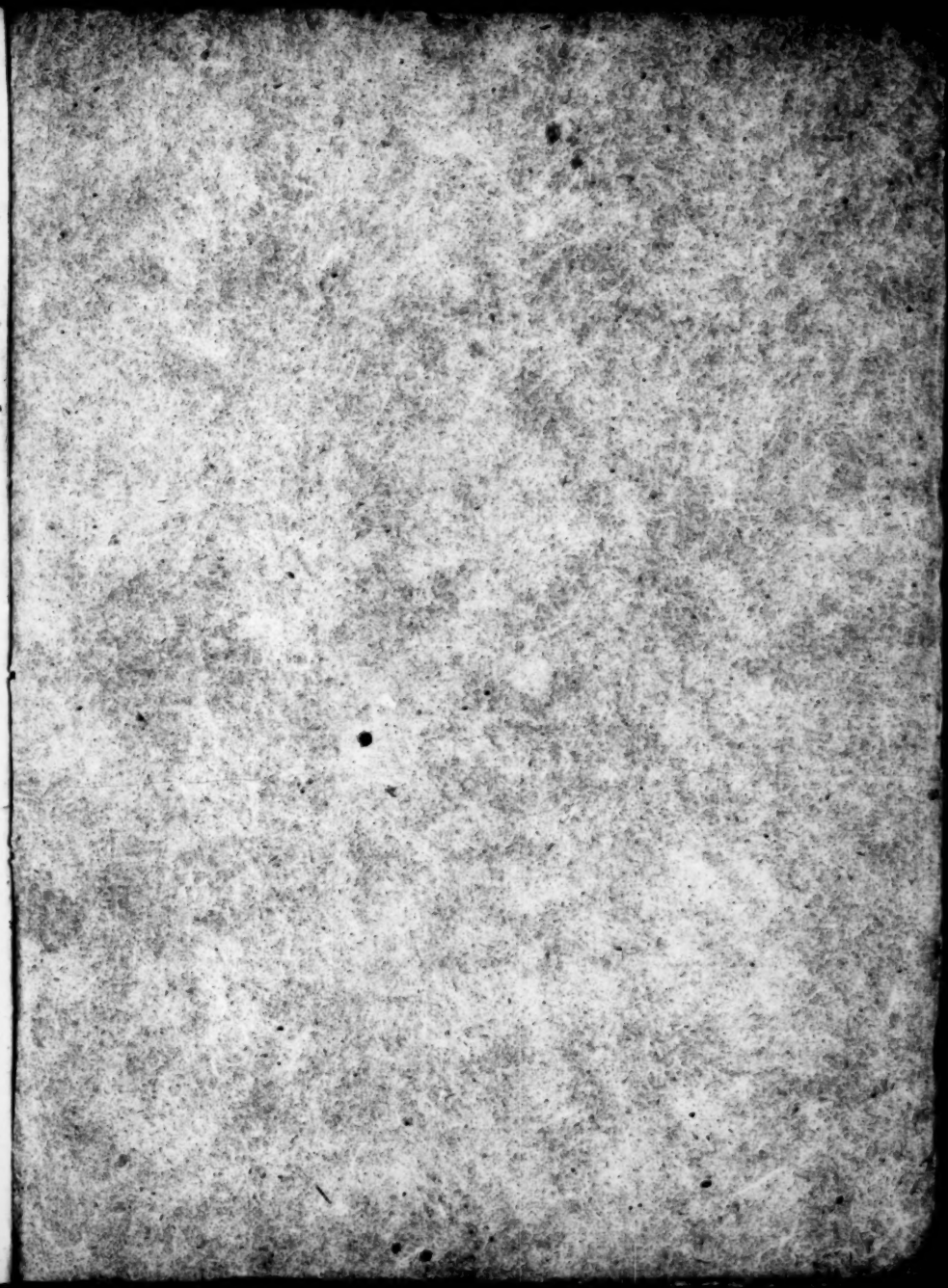
Crites. I must confess, Mr. *Bays*, it deserves a publick appearance, if you please to oblige the world so far, which however you seem'd very loath to do; but under favour, Sir, how came this same Speculative point to bring you over to the Catholick party.

Bays. I'll tell you Sir, hoping that the reasons I am going to ennumerate, which were of that efficacy as to reduce me, may be able to prevail upon both of you to quit your erroneous perswasion: I must confess my unskilfulness in a business of this nature; and that I have not taken upon me the weighty province of gaining Converts long enough to say I shall make no mistakes in the management; and therefore I must secure my self of your pardon before I advance into so intricate an undertaking—After I had thus faln upon this metaphysical contemplation, I found my self concern'd to make the best provision for my Soul that I could, and that it was high time to consider the circumstances of my wretched condition. I reflected upon the unhappy miscarriages and over-boilings of my Youth, the solemn transgressions of my manhood; the passion, pride, and complicated sins of my Old Age; I call'd to mind the injuries I had done both Church and State, and all those unlawful, brutal attempts, which in my former days of ignorance, I had made upon all the degrees of mankind, and which I have so copiously related to you. At last, after an impartial unprejudiced scrutiny into all the visible Churches of the Universe, I found that the Catholicks only proceeded upon sure grounds; that theirs was the well constituted Church which maintain'd Infallibility at its own cost and charges, while all other Assemblies declined the expence; that it had the discretion to keep an Ensuring Office in the *Camera Apostolica*, and for a small consideration wou'd secure a mans Tenement, with setting a Papal Phœnix upon it, from all damages of Fire hereafter.——Wherefore, at that very moment I shifted my party, and betook my self to that Primitive Indulgent Mother, which heretofore converted our Ancestors from Paganism, and has ever since been attended and adorned with a continued series of Miracles.

Crites. I hope however, *Mr. Bays*, you'll preserve a charitable thought of the established Religion, for all it came from King *Henry*'s incontinence, since your own Reformation proceeded from a Debauch, and had its birth, growth and full maturity in a Brandishop.

Bays. I might be enclined Sir, to do such a thing, if it could be allowed with any tollerable convenience, but if you once forbid a Romanist to meddle with that Topic, he has as little to say as a Bully when you tye him up from swearing; or a Poet, when you debar him the liberty of repeating: 'Tis not to be granted, Mr. *Crites*, But now, because I will proceed, regularly in my discourse, you shall first of all hear those exceptions which I made to the Protestant Assemblies; and secondly, the reasons which confirmed and settled me in the bosom of the *Roman* Catholick Church.

Eugen. With all my heart, but I think we had best retire to some more convenient place in the Walks, for I see some company coming forward.

Bays God so! 'Tis the learned Author of the *Nubes Testium*, and the worthy person who has done the Christian World such Service, in proving that the brlief of a Trinity is not settled upon a better bottom than Transubstantiation: I have promis'd, now I remember, to dine with them at a Noble Gentlemans in the *Hay-Market*, and therefore I must request you to excuse me at present ——But if you please to give me the meeting at *Wills* Coffee-house, about Three in the Afternoon, we'l remove into a private room, where over a Dish of Tea, we may debate this important affair with all the solitude imaginable.

Crites. Mr. *Bays*, We'l not fail at the place and hour appointed to wait upon you: